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# MODERN SOCIETY

IN

# ROME.

A

## NOVEL.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "THE WABASH".

—"It was a most disagreeable war: one was liable to be killed in it."—PRIVATE CONVERSATION OF A ROMAN PRINCE.

"And I assure you that, like virgin honey
Tastes their first season—mostly if they have money."
BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
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[*The Author of this Work reserves the right of Translation.*]

T. RICHARDS, 37, GREAT QUEEN STREET.

# PREFACE.

When W. M. Thackeray, whom illness had confined to his apartment during the greater portion of the winter, left Rome in the spring of 1854, he was reported to have said—"I wish all the people would die. I want to write about them."

"He need not wait for such an event," replied Don Pasquino, to whom we repeated the sentiment: "I will answer for it," he said, "that Romans will never read, even if they hear of a book about themselves. Two or three years ago," he added, "I introduced a foreigner to Prince Castellonia, who invited him to his house, but who, after a while, reproached me with having presented a person who, he was told, had written slightingly of him under the name of Prince Polonia. 'I assure

you, Prince,' I replied, continued Don Pasquino, 'that what he wrote was quite unimportant. But here is his book: you understand English, and can read and judge for yourself.' — I gave him the volume," pursued our friend, "with the leaf turned down at the objectionable passage. One evening, three weeks afterwards, he said to me, 'Pray let my servant put that book into your carriage. I really have not time to look at it.'"

Thus encouraged, we ourselves resolved that we would write, without waiting until "all the people were dead." Is it necessary that we should disclaim any personal satire upon individuals? Intimate as we have been with Rome and Roman society, and with the feelings of Italians, it was, perhaps, impossible that individual characters should not present themselves to our mind while writing of scenes in which they acted a part: it was impossible that little speeches and anecdotes should not father themselves upon some of our personages. But we trust that we need not

declare that we have scrupulously avoided all adaptations that might be painful to those with whom we have lived on terms of intimacy or even of courtesy. When we have introduced public political characters, we have made them act and speak as they acted and spoke. In their public capacity, they were and are public property; and as they are now enacting a part, or will hereafter enact one, in the still unfinished drama of their country's woes, it is well the world should know of what stuff those are made who influence Italian misrule or Italian regeneration.

Thus, then, we have endeavoured to bring Roman society, and the condition of the Roman people, vividly before the mind of our reader. In order that we might be enabled to do this without outraging probabilities, we have been obliged to place the family of our heroines, the imaginary personages of our drama, on such a footing of intimacy with Roman Princes and Diplomatists as peculiar circumstances secured to ourselves, but which English travellers

can scarcely ever attain. We have lodged them in Palazzo Sermoneta, because Murray's excellent Guide-Book mentions the first floor of that palace as being "the most magnificently-furnished apartment in all Rome;" and although it has never been let but once, that once justifies us in intruding the personages of our drama into the house of a great Roman nobleman.

In the political portions of our narrative, we have stated some matters that cannot be generally known: but we have not stated any that we do not know to be true. The social volcano, whose eruption we place before our readers, still rumbles audibly. An intimate knowledge of the course taken by the last current of lava, will enable us to estimate the direction of future outbreaks. The *Times* newspaper, with its usual thorough appreciation of the wants and aspirations of the world, said, while recently reviewing a classical history of Rome, "One real siege of the city has more living interest than every myth which attends on its foundation. More human

weal and woe hang upon one day of social struggle under Pius the Ninth, than depend upon the historical existence or non-existence of Romulus." And the writer might have developed his most truthful thought by showing how much of the present and future history of the world must derive from the incidents of that siege: he might have shown how much of the anomalous religious position of Piemont —the most interesting country in Europe —springs from the feelings engendered during the few months which we have undertaken to illustrate; and that even the recent concordat between Rome and Austria is but the completion of a bargain entered into when Austrian arms reestablished the Papal authority in the Roman states.*

The events we have described, and which occurred between the first day of the year 1848 and August 1849, cannot,

* This may be clearly deduced from the "Allocution" published by Pius the Ninth at Gaeta, on 20th April, 1849.

therefore, be of mere ephemeral interest. We may have marred that interest by our want of artistic talent in relating them: but if this is not a good novel, we think it is something more. We could almost give our authority for every incident, whether social or political—for every sentiment expressed by any of our characters, which the reader may think worth noting. Our labour has been one of memory rather than of invention. But this notwithstanding, we still hope that our volumes may be not less attractive, even to the mere novel reader, than they would be if all they contain were not actually true.

Postscript:—While these volumes were going through the press, we learned that Miss Porter had published a novel entitled "Coming Out". We at once gave way to her long-established claims to precedency: but hence the difference between our present title and the heading of our pages.

22, Hertford Street,
May Fair.
*April* 1856.

# COMING OUT:

OR

# THE SIEGE OF ROME.

## CHAPTER I.

Rome stood, some centuries, alone; and made
  The most of her preeminence. She fell;
Then by religion, rose again—obey'd
  And dreaded as before. And it was well
It was so, till the world was grown a shade
  More civiliz'd: but still no miracle
Of patriotism or piety was Rome:
Thousands liv'd there who only thought of home.

The entrance to Rome by the Porta del Popolo is more magnificent than the approach to any city in the whole world. Who has forgotten the mixed feeling of awe and admiration with which, passing under the heavy modern architecture in the old walls of the town, he first beheld the grand opening of that circular space; the

noble buildings on the right and left; the towering obelisk in the centre; the spreading fountains on each side, through the rainbow-spray of which he saw uprise the two domes, from which diverged the three grand streets of Rome: the Corso in the centre, and those two other radiant streets? Who has forgotten the earnest longing with which his eye-sight strained adown their narrowing length, in the hope of discovering some of those wonders of historic architecture he panted so to see? Who does not remember the annoyance with which he complied with the small formalities of the custom-house officers, as he inquired if the free pass for his luggage had been forwarded to the gate by his friendly banker, and paid the officials their anti-scrupulous bribes?

Years before, such had been the feelings of the elder of the four occupants of that English travelling britzska that had just driven through the Porta del Popolo; years before, the father and mother had owned the magic of that first sight of Rome: but

they and the two young girls, who now stood on tiptoe in the open carriage, were alike taken aback by the scene of triumphant confusion and mob ovation which choked the square, and delayed their entrance into the city.

It was, indeed, a popular and a courtly triumph. Pius the Ninth reigned in all hearts. The days of Roman indifference, discontent, rebellion, good-humoured scorn and satire in regard to their temporal sovereigns, were supposed to have passed away for ever. Pasquino himself scarcely remembered his own effusions on the mild nature of Pius the Seventh, and the stern ability of his minister Consalvi: scarcely remembered the hopelessness of any administrative improvement with which he had greeted the election of the even then infirm Leo the Twelfth—sportsman though he had been in his youth. Leo the Twelfth had been a helpless elderly invalid at the time of his elevation: he could have no energy for administrative reforms: Pasquino and the Romans consoled themselves with a jest. If, they said,

If a sportsman for our pope is crown'd,
Each cardinal becomes a hound:
Our country is his sporting ground,
The people are his game.*

Leo the Twelfth had been of the anti-liberal school of politicians: he died; and in the same bitter, hopeless spirit of satire, Pasquino, in the name of Rome, had prayed the assembling conclave to give them a ruler of a different stamp. Since, he said,

Since you are donkeys all, we own
Some fellow brute you must enthrone:
But mind: take warning: we rely on
Your wit thus far—don't choose a Lion."†

Pius the Eighth was elected, and endured but a few months. Who should be his successor? Pasquino ventured to suggest the future sovereign. Around the neck of his statue he showed a sketch of three candi-

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* "Se il papa è cacciatore,
Son cani i cardinali;
Son selve le provincie,
Ed i sudditi animali."

† "Giacchè bestie tutti siete,
Una bestia sceglierete:
Ma badate: attentione:
Non scegliete un Leone."

dates. They were, indeed, disguised under the appearance of three of the race horses that dash along the Corso in carnival: but no one could mistake the likenesses. Poor good-natured, fat Cardinal Vidoni headed the race: surely he would reach the goal? But no: just as he entered the Piazza di Venezia, he smelt the fumes of those savoury stews coming from the kitchen windows of Prince Torlonia's palace. He smelt the well-loved sauces; and, bolting into the hospitable court-yard, lost all chance of the prize!

The hard reign of Gregory the Sixteenth began. Pious, exemplary, self-mortified in his own person, he set his face against all improvement; and his police filled the dungeons with his unfortunate subjects. In vain, did the five European powers join in recommending reform in the administration of his states: their advice was unheeded. In vain did a young Genoese, named Giuseppe Mazzini, publish an address to his sovereign, Carlo Alberto of Piemont, calling upon him to free Italy

from Austrian invaders: the power of the Austrians caused him to be banished to other lands—there to organise the association of "Young Italy", and devise mad and wicked schemes. In vain, did Massimo d'Azeglio endeavour to counteract these by inculcating moderation, hope, union, and temperate reforms: his banishment also was obtained. In vain, were partial risings and rebellions of different provinces; they were quelled by French or Austrian intervention. In vain, enthusiastic individuals, like the unhappy brothers Bandiera, rushed madly to the rescue of their country: the iron rule of Gregory was unchanged and unmitigated.

On the 1st of June, 1846, he died.

"If," said Cardinal Albani, "if we elect his pompous minister, Cardinal Lambruschini, Pope, we shall have to begin making our genuflexions at the Ponte S. Angelo and all the way up the Tre Canelle to the Quirinal."

Brief, however, was the doubt: short was the conclave. On the evening of the

second day, the few people, assembled in the square below, missed the smoke that usually, at that hour, issued from the tube of the little stove in which the voting papers were daily burnt, until a sufficient majority centered on some one of the Holy College. On the evening of the second day, a new sovereign was elected to themselves; a new spiritual head to the Catholic world. They had hoped it might be the liberal Cardinal Ghizzi; but hope had told a flattering tale, and they turned them away disappointed to make more particular inquiries as to who and what was their new sovereign, formerly Cardinal Mastei Ferretti.

Little was ascertained to excite any violent emotion. The new pontiff was of a provincial gentleman's family, and had come to Rome, thirty years before, in the hope of being admitted into the Pope's body guard—the guardia nobile. Unsuccessful in his application, he had turned to the study of theology, and had been ordained under the express condition that

he should always say mass in private, and with another priest to assist him; lest he should be, at any time, attacked by the epileptic convulsions to which he was subject. He had said his first mass and had never been unwell since. Advanced in the church, and employed on foreign missions, he had shown some ability, and had a fair reputation for administrative talent. He was now fifty-four years of age: and when, two days after his election, he had been to St. Peter's to return thanks, and had been crowned by the name of Pius the Ninth, the multitude showed little interest: and no one anticipated that he who was then raised to supreme rule over the old Roman political system, would, ere long, be hailed as the most liberal and enlightened sovereign in the world.

Small acts had produced this change of feeling. An amnesty had been granted to the political prisoners of Gregory the Sixteenth. The favourite, Cardinal Ghizzi, had been appointed Secretary of State. Administrative reform had been talked of and pro-

mised. A Civic Guard had been appointed. Some degree of freedom had been given to the press. The Romans had been very grateful: the Italians full of hope. Austria had invaded the Roman territory, to counteract the new Pope's good intentions. His Holiness had protested with spirit, and had caused the invaders to retire. Partial outbreaks had occurred in parts of Lombardy: repressed by Austria with its usual severity. Solemn requiems had been sung in Rome for the souls of the patriots slain. A monk, named Gavazzi, had sprung unauthorised into a pulpit, and had invoked war upon the Germans. Punished and degraded by those of his own monastery, he had defied them; and begun to preach a national war through the streets. Terrified by the enthusiasm of his own people, by the spirit that was stalking abroad, and which he feared lest his own liberal tendencies had called forth, Pius the Ninth then began to restrain and to give way by turns. Without any settled policy of his own, swayed by the adulation and uproarious and demonstrative gratitude

of his people, or disappointed by their murmurs, he sought to gain time in which he might weigh and propose and consult over those administrative changes which a master mind should have originated and at once carried out.

Even now, when our travellers were entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and were astounded by the festive demonstrations that met their gaze, even now there had been a breach between the timid sovereign and the enthusiastic people. Yesterday had been the last day of the old year, 1847. On what better occasion could the Roman people gather its tumultuary cohorts, and march in triumph to the Quirinal palace to be blessed by its adored sovereign? Banners, and music, and torches, and military array, all had been collected for a nocturnal serenade to his holiness, when word came that the assemblage would not be admitted to the palace square: that the Quirinal was surrounded by troops. The blessings of the fervid people of the South are easily exchanged for curses: and curses,

loud and deep, had been vented against the ministers, against the Austrians, against the Jesuits, and anybody and everybody who was supposed to have instigated such a show of distrust towards a grateful people. Old Prince Corsini had hastened to the palace, and terrified the sovereign by telling him how excited was the feeling of the Romans: again he had rushed back to the people, and assured them that their prince had known nothing of the military array prepared against them. Cries of opposition to the ministry, and cheers for Pio Nono *alone* had proclaimed the satisfaction of the crowd.

Such had been the course of events and of the political feeling in Rome up to the period at which our narrative commences.

The custom-house officers received their fee and retired towards their dens. The post-boys cracked their whips and carefully guided their five horses through the thronging concourse of spectators. A few cheered our travellers as they passed; for Lord Minto had lately been at Rome counselling

measures of improvement on the part of the English government; and the English were looked up to as friends of reform. Onwards, slowly, passed the open britzska across that magnificent square, beside the everlasting obelisque, and into the far-stretching street of the Corso. How bright and glorious was all the scene! Banners of yellow and red, the papal colours, waved from every house-top. Rich tapestry hung from every window; triumphal arches spanned the street; arches of evergreens and of flowers wound over wooden framework with all the taste of Roman art. The people, in their holiday attire, thronged the windows or jostled in the street. Officers and men of the Civic Guard strutted or hurried amongst them, and showed off their glittering uniforms.

"Is it not a magnificent city?" exclaimed the elder of our travellers, addressing alike his wife and both their children. "Look, Mary," he said to one of the latter, as neither of the others whom he addressed appeared to share his enthusiasm: "Look,

Mary, up there on the left; that flight of steps is the Piazza di Spagna."

"Beautiful, papa; most beautiful!" exclaimed the beaming girl to whom he had spoken.

"Whose great palace is this dark building on our right?" inquired the other young girl in more equable tones.

"The Palazzo Ruspoli: it has very good reception rooms," replied the mother. "I wonder who has them now," she added, as if musing on parties or balls to be there enjoyed.

"To the right! To the right!" exclaimed the crowds and a few of the Pope's guardia nobile riding hastily up. "To the right!" "Viva Pio Nono!" "Long life to his holiness!" shouted a thousand enthusiastic voices, as the English carriage turned sharply round the corner of Palazzo Chigi, and drew up in the noble square around the column of Antoninus. Our travellers could not be better placed to see the approaching pageant. A small troop of the body guard slowly cleared the way; and, drawn by eight cream

coloured horses and surrounded by running footmen in the richest liveries, came the gorgeous carriage of the pontiff. It was the state carriage built by Leo the Twelfth; and we cannot pause to describe the gorgeous and classic workmanship that adorned it. Gilding and bronze castings, of most exquisite taste, supported and formed the body of the vehicle; which large plates of rock crystal enclosed on every side; so light and transparent that nothing appeared to intercept the person or the benedictions of the pontiff. And in that gorgeous carriage sat the spiritual father of the Catholic world, the temporal sovereign of this excited people. It was the first time that any of our travellers had beheld Pio Nono; and they had full leisure to study his handsome and interesting features.

For interesting, not only to his own subjects, but to the world at large, as affording an index to the character of him who had undertaken to reform the abuses of centuries, and whose name was invoked by liberals and revolutionists throughout

Europe—interesting was the expression of those features to every physiognomist and thinking man; and the Englishman grieved to mark the shade of vacillation and anxiety which rested upon them, like a slight vapour on the fairest landscape. Nothing could be more noble than that ample forehead; more serene than those full blue eyes; more perfectly formed than that chiselled nose, lip, and chin: but there was a nervous softness about those parted lips, a shrinking of that full blue eye which showed that no settled purpose animated the mind within. Good-nature, kindness, affability, thought, intelligence, piety—all these were legible in every line and feature of that beaming face; but the very openness, the very frankness with which these characteristics shone forth, proved that the scheming brain and the iron will of the statesman, who should originate and carry through vast changes, had no place in a character so amiable and good.

With a beaming countenance, the pontiff gazes from side to side, and gently blesses

the people, who fall devoutly on their knees to receive the well prized benedictions. Slowly the crystal coach moves on; while the Civic Guard muster gallantly around it. Banners wave, drums beat, flowers are thrown up in the air, and the old walls of Rome echo and re-echo the unwonted cheers with which Roman thousands greet their popular sovereign.

But our English traveller was not the only one who marked the unwonted anxiety that overshadowed the countenance of the pontiff. A burly Roman rushed forward in the dress of those of Transtevere. No shade of doubt or hesitation was to be seen on his frank jovial features! With a rollicking gait, he cast his blue velvet jacket over his left shoulder, and tightened the yellow and red silk scarf around his waist, just where his shirt puffed out between his short vest and his unbraced trousers. A low, sugar-loaf hat sat jauntily on one side of his round shock head; and a cock's feather, stuck into it, curved from the summit with all the pretension of a chieftain's

plume. A thorough Roman of the people —half muleteer, half porter, half wine seller, half brigand, he rushed up to the papal carriage, with the air of one in authority. People and civic guards alike made way for him, as for an acknowledged master of ceremonies. As he caught the Pope's eye, he fell on his knees in the mud to receive his blessing; then, observing that shade of anxiety on the face of his sovereign, he snatched a broad banner from one of the by-standers and gallantly waved it over head.

"Bravo, Angelo Brunetti!" "Bravo, Ciceruacchio!" cried the mob.

"Santo Padre,—Holy Father, trust in your people!" shouted Ciceruacchio, as he pointed to the same inscription on his flag. "Trust in your people, Holy Father!" he repeated, as he clambered up on the footboard of the carriage amongst the liveried attendants, and madly waved his banner over the head of his sovereign.

A blush overspread the mild features of the Pope at this popular indignity, meant

for popular honour; but he bowed his head in acceptance of the pledge of security, and the cries of "Viva Pio Nono!" were redoubled.

Onwards passed the procession: onwards passed the Papal carriage—the noisy, enthusiastic ovation. In honour of whom was the triumph?—of the sovereign enthroned in the crystal coach, or of the blackguard, typifying the Roman people, who still stood upon the footboard, and still waved his flag over the head of his sovereign?

And now our travellers returned to the Corso, once more opened to them by the advance of the procession, which had moved on towards the Porta del Popolo. And now they passed the fantastic architecture of the splendid Doria Pamphilj palace, in the court of which English neatness had imagined a flower garden in place of the dirty Roman pavement; and now they turned into the wide Piazza di Venezia, frowned on by the walls of the once republican legation, and cheered, on the other sides, by the bright palaces of principal Roman nobles.

"Look, papa!" exclaimed one of the young girls, as she pointed to a liveried porter at the gate of one of these palaces, "look: is that a queen's servant, or an English postman?"

"Nonsense, Caroline!" replied her aunt: "it is Prince Castellonia's porter. But see, Middleton," she said, addressing her husband; "see, the Castellonias have changed their palace since we were here last."

That gentleman did not reply; but, pointing to a church they passed on their left hand, said to his daughter Mary, "The church of the Jesuits"; and then gave some direction to his valet on the box, as the carriage turned up a narrow street and entered the little courtyard of the Palazzo Sermoneta.

"Well, dears, I hope you will like the apartment," said Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe; "your mother and I know it of old, as one of the best in Rome; and anything was better than the trumpery lodgings prepared for our country folks near the Piazza di Spagna."

"It has been all new furnished since your Eccellenza was last in Rome," interposed the little Maestro di Casa, or house-steward, of Prince Caetani, as he bustled up to the strangers, and accompanied them up the broad and easy staircase. Three pairs of great folding doors stood open at the top of the second flight, and the little man ushered them through the centre of these into the ample entrance hall, in the midst of which stood the large candelabra ready to receive the wax torch that should be lighted during the visit of a Cardinal. He led the way past this into a small parlour, adorned with paintings and furnished with busts, and then into a large drawing-room hung with green satin. This opened into a magnificent ball-room, about five-and-forty feet square, and of the height of two stories of the house, so that a second row of windows ran round and lighted up its deeply carved and gilded ceiling. Another beautifully-shaped drawing-room, hung with green satin, then received them: in the centre of this was a large dinner

table, with chairs already ranged around it.

"Holà, Signor Maestro di Casa," said the Englishman, "would you make this the dining-room?"

"Eccellenza, the prince has been in England, and would have the apartment arranged according to English ideas," replied the steward.

"What! the dining-room a room of passage to the drawing-room? Let us move on."

They did so, into a beautiful drawing-room hung with yellow satin; then into one, the walls of which were covered with light blue silk hangings: then into the small throne room hung with crimson damask; and then into the gallery or second ball-room. This had been originally built and furnished in celebration of a family wedding, and was forty-five feet long by twenty wide. It was very lofty, with a ceiling vaulted—like all the others in the house—and beautifully painted in fresco. Its walls were of white satin embroidered

with chenille; arm chairs to match these; eight porphyry tables; four large chandeliers; a number of large mirrors, and other furniture of equal richness completed the equipment of this beautiful room.

"But where are the bed-rooms?" asked Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe anxiously.

"There are two behind here, eccellenza," said the steward; "and we have put beds into the inner row of saloons that circle the courtyard. The other dining-room is this way," he said, leading the strangers back to the blue silk drawing-room, and thence into a beautiful apartment lighted by three windows on each side, and the walls and ceiling of which were alike painted in fresco.

"Yes; this is the dining-room;" said the Englishman, "and so, Signor Santini, you have put beds into all the inner drawing-rooms through which the dinner must be brought here from the kitchen?"

"Eccellenza, the prince has been in England, and would have the apartment

arranged according to English ideas," again repeated the house steward in deprecatory tones.

"They can easily be cleared away, Middleton," said the lady: "but I cannot see what we are to do for a bed-room. The girls must have those two, opening one into the other."

"There are forty-two rooms belonging to the apartment," modestly suggested the steward.

"Yes;" said Mr. Agelthorpe: "but your apartments are built for Cardinals, who need as many reception rooms as possible and only one bed-room. However, Margaret," he continued, "we have no choice: all the bettermost rooms, except the two for the girls, are thoroughfares. So it is evident that you must take the last drawing-room but one—that pretty throne room for your bed-room, and that the white satin gallery ball-room within it must be my dressing-room."

"Take away that beautiful drawing-room and that sweet ball-room for a bed-room

and dressing-room," remonstrated Caroline. "They are the nicest of all the apartment! What shall we do for sitting-rooms? We shall not be able to receive a soul!"

"Let us, see," said Mary, running away, and she soon after returned, laughing, and cried, "what shall we do, Caroline, for sitting-rooms? I have counted them, and there will only be eleven drawing-rooms, and the first large ball-room left. We shall not be able to receive a soul!"

Caroline still pouted at the loss of the two prettiest rooms; but resigned herself to be satisfied with the twelve that still were left to her and society.

Although we could not do justice to the richness of the carpets and curtains, the gorgeousness of the carved and gilded tables and consoles, the variety of the marbles and vases, and the beauty of the paintings that covered every vaulted ceiling, we have been obliged to make the reader acquainted with the locality of many of the scenes which we shall have

to present before him; with the rooms in which Caroline is to "come out", and from which we are to behold "the Siege of Rome."

## CHAPTER II.

—— most likely to delight
Our novice. But in Rome, be many a dame
Of fair and winning grace. In them, no light
Conceited and fantastic airs proclaim
Their empty-head-and-heartedness. Though slight
Their cause to love it, yet the very name
Of Rome acts unawares; and throws around
A sadden'd charm that nowhere else is found.

But the apartments having been already engaged, and the family being expected, the friendly banker alluded to had provided facilities for witnessing such little social, artistic or religious scenes of interest as Roman bankers are still permitted to dispense amongst their clients: and together with tickets of admission to St. Peter's at an approaching beatification, the porter of the Palazzo Sermoneta delivered to the new comers a card about eight inches square, on which was intimated, that "The Cardinal

President of Rome and Comarca requested Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe, his consort, and daughters, to do him the honour of passing the evening in his house," on that very first of January, 1848.

"You must manage to go, my love," said Mr. Agelthorpe to his wife. "It is the grandest reception in Rome—an official gathering on New Year's Day, at which all the grandees and diplomatists annually pay their respects to the governor of the town and county."

"All the better, dear!" exclaimed his wife. "The imperials can be soon unpacked, and the girls shall at once make their débût in society."

"To come out at a Cardinal's!" said Caroline. "It seems very strange! Will they dance?"

"Dance!" exclaimed her aunt. "Dance at a cardinal's! You are as bad as the poor Forsters. Do not you remember the family we left at Florence, who would not come on to Rome when they heard that the Pope did not give balls and keep

as gay a court as the Grand Duke of Tuscany?"

Mounted policemen occupied the street; and torches, fixed in the pavement outside the cardinal's palace, cast a fitful glare upon their polished armour as our friends followed in the line of carriages and drove under the grand gateway of the building. The court yards and broad stone stairs were illuminated by similar flaring torches: a carpet was spread upon the stairs, and evergreens stood upon every step. As the wide folding doors stood open, and they passed through half a dozen ante-rooms and halls filled with livery servants or secretaries and stray guests, Caroline looked about her with calm self-possession, and noted, and admired or criticised, all that she saw for the first time. Her cousin, on the contrary, who clung to her arm, scarce saw where she was; but, blinded by agitation and nervous timidity, wished to pause and recover herself before entering the reception-room of the cardinal-governor. She had no opportunity of doing either. The Car-

dinal was standing near the door; with eye glass, as always, uplifted. He saw an old acquaintance approach; and, glad to recognize one foreigner amongst the many unknown strangers who crowded upon him for the first time, he moved briskly forwards.

"My friend, Monsieur Agelthorpe!" he exclaimed, taking him by the hand, "I am delighted to see you again in Rome."

The Englishman bent low, as if to kiss the prelate's ring, and expressed his pleasure at again being in the holy city, and at seeing his Eminence after four years absence. Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe was then greeted in the same friendly manner, and the two girls were presented and kindly received. The Principessa di Riano, the most elegant woman in Rome, as one of the highest-born in Italy, did the honours for her relative, the Cardinal; and graciously greeted the strangers. Then other guests approached, and they were obliged to move on into the crowd that thronged that and the many contiguous drawing-rooms.

"*You* here, Miss Mary Agelthorpe!" exclaimed a tall, slim, and remarkably handsome young Englishman, stepping forwards from the crowd, and frankly holding out his hand to Mary. "I little thought to have had this pleasure!" and the fine features of the young man, which always bore the impress of mingled thought and gaiety, lighted up with a glow of animation and feeling.

The fair girl gladly gave her hand, delighted to acknowledge an old friend and country neighbour, amid the glittering assembly which had seemed to her a confused mass of strange faces, rich jewels and bright uniforms.

"Horace Enderby, how are you?" said her father, shaking hands with him. "So you are still in Rome—plotting, painting, and praying!"

"Nay, sir; the Pope himself is chief plotter now. All our old aspirations are, at last, proved to have been right and good."

"Inspirations, were they not?" said Mr.

Middleton Agelthorpe, "only our watches went too fast."

Meanwhile, a tall, heavy-looking, but handsome young man had been leaning against a marble console at the side of the room; and had marked the entrance of our friends as he languidly eat a vanille peach ice that he held in his gloved hand. He was evidently a Roman; and was, as evidently, conversing with an Englishman, who leaned against the same table, also eating an ice. The latter was a man of about sixty years of age; large, square-built, and tall. His features were good; the expression of his face was very sweet and pleasing. His air and manner had scarcely the polish of high birth; though it was difficult to say in what they were deficient: he was natural, easy, and without pretension or assumption of any kind.

"Who are these country folks of yours, coming in?" asked the Roman, addressing him with unwonted interest; so much so, that he bolted a piece of the hard ice he had in his mouth, and scalded his throat

with the cold. "Who are they? Per Bacco, they are pretty girls!"

"They must have lately come to Rome," replied Mr. Ollier; "I know they were expected."

"But who are they, amico?" insisted the Roman.

"There, Duke; she would just do for you!" replied the other. "You want a rich English wife."

"Which of them? Who are they? What are they?"

"As to who and what they are, they are a Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe; you need not attempt to pronounce the name, you will never manage it; and the young lady with the ringlets is their daughter. They are of a good old English Catholic family."

"I like her; she is pretty:" said the Roman.

"But she is not your affair," replied his friend. "Her father was a younger brother with no great fortune for his share; and he has a son. It is the other you must look

to. She whose hair is braided à la Madonna."

"She is pretty too. How blonde they both are! They are not unlike."

"No: because they are first cousins. This one, Miss Agelthorpe, is the only child of the elder brother, and is an orphan. She is a Protestant; but you must convert her. Her father married a Protestant lady, with the agreement that their sons should be brought up Catholics, and their daughters Protestants. This is the only child they ever had."

"Then she is rich?"

"Very. They are old friends of mine. Let me introduce you."

"No, not to-night;" replied the young man: and he turned away, as he saw the party of whom they had spoke, move towards them.

"Very glad to see you in Rome again, Middleton;" said Mr. Ollier, greeting his friend with warmth. "And your young ladies, Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe, whom I have not seen for these last two years.

'I rejoice with you on their account,' as the Italians say. So they are come out at last to awaken ambition and jealousy in every heart?"

"To-night, for the first time," replied the lady; "but they are not likely to do much execution in the way you hint at, if I may judge by the very boorish manner in which the unamiable person you were speaking to turned away, when, as I saw, you proposed to introduce him to us. Who is he?"

"Oh, Middleton will remember the story," replied Mr. Ollier aside to the two parents. "He is that Visconti Augustiniani, claimant of the titles and estates of that noble family which were bequeathed away from him when his legitimacy was brought into question. You recollect, Middleton, that his mother, on her deathbed, declared that he was not her husband's son; and he was removed from the family connexion."

"His new associates do not seem to have improved his manners," said Mrs. Middle-

ton Agelthorpe, piqued only that he had refused the introduction; for there really was nothing amiss in the bearing of the young man.

"No; but he will get the better of that," resumed Mr. Ollier. "Meanwhile, some parties set him on to claim his birthright: and there is little doubt that, as the late Prince and Princess Augustiniani were not legally parted, but both continued to live in Florence, he has a perfect legal right, and a good chance of success. The difficulty is to get these Roman Courts to move, and to move honestly. The family estates have been sold and purchased by Duke Graziano, who would not willingly surrender them. But, between ourselves, my friend has taken an apartment in the same house where dwells his opponent's lawyer; and every day, when the latter goes out, his clerk brings Augustiniani all the documents and papers that bear upon his case: these are instantly copied, and he meets them by counter affidavits."

"A pretty scoundrel your young friend seems to be!" said the lady.

"Che vuole!" exclaimed Ollier, shrugging his shoulders. "When one is at Rome, one must do as Romans do. It were useless to expect justice from their courts if one did not adopt their means of procuring it."

In the meantime, Horace Enderby and the two girls had been lightly chatting of old times and of the scene before them. As the son of a country neighbour, they had known him in former years; and although, since his father's death, he had resided principally at Rome, they had met during his occasional visits to his country; and, as children, the girls had liked the handsome young man who drew sketches and performed foreign tricks for their amusement. But the health of an invalid mother still recalled the young Englishman to Rome, and detained him there. He was, therefore, almost considered a permanent resident in the holy city. He had made himself known to the Italians; had

entered into their feelings and sympathized with their political aspirations: at the same time that he found, in the wild woods and marshes of the Campagna, and in the mountains of Tivoli and Palestrina, that exercise, and those more manly pursuits, which the habits of his country had endeared to him.

"I envy you your sensations!" exclaimed the young man, addressing the cousins. "The first season is said to be delightful to all young ladies: but to come out at Rome, and that during a first visit to the Eternal City, must be gloriously exciting!"

"I should think a season in London much more brilliant than anything we are likely to meet with here," said Miss Agelthorpe. "It is said there are not many English in Rome this winter."

"But do you reckon the Italians for nothing?" said Mary. "Think of the old baronial and feudal families whose histories run up into the barbarous ages; when their different factions did battle in the streets of Rome and made war upon

the Pope, or confined him a prisoner in their castles. I am looking at all the people in this gay crowd, and fancying to myself whether any of them can be the descendants and representatives of the bold and wicked Orsini, Caetani, Colonna, Savelli and others whom we read of in history."

"I think I should like to read Bulwer's Rienzi again at Rome," said Caroline.

"Do so, by all means," replied Horace Enderby: "but you should first become acquainted with the modern representatives of the old families whose dark deeds are there recorded. Many of them are in this room."

"Oh, which are they? Pray point them out to us," said Mary. "The ladies seem divided into groups. Do they keep up the old feeling of clanship and hostility?"

"The Romans and the English draw off from one another as a matter of course," replied the young man. "This always makes one grand division in all continental society. But, I know not how it is, the

principal Roman nobles seem to have married foreigners: so that I can hardly show you the first Roman blood in the ladies that bear the first Roman names. Look at that lady your mama is going up to now."

"What, the one in the rich white satin brocade?"

"Exactly so: that is Princess Dorilante, an English woman. In truth, her husband is not of the old historic Roman blood of which we have spoken; still, he is of one of the first Italian families of the last three or four centuries. He, too, was caught by an English face."

"See, aunt is signing to us to come up," Caroline hastily exclaimed; and the two cousins joined her, and were graciously received by the princess, to whom she presented them; and while that lady and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe continued their conversation, the two girls were lost in admiration of the splendid jewellery—necklace and head ornaments of the Anglo-Roman princess. While all were thus conversing

together, a murmur arose amongst the company on the other side of the room; and many were crowding towards the doors. It was some time before the Agelthorpes could discover the cause of this movement; but gradually the throng moved towards them, and they then saw that it enclosed and accompanied a lady so superbly dressed that her jewellery was evidently the attraction that drew the vulgar herd around her. Princess Dorilante resumed her seat, and appeared not to notice the stir, while the new comer slowly and gracefully moved onwards—speaking to those of her friends on the right and the left whom she would more particularly recognize. Our two English *débûtantes* could not long doubt who she was.

"The Princess Castellonia."

"How beautiful she is to-night!"

"Those are the diamonds that the late Pope stripped from the Holy House of Loretto when he wanted money to resist the French, and which Castellonia bought for his wife."

"No, no; he buys any jewellery that has been taken to him in pledge, when the parties cannot redeem it."

Such and such like were the whispers audibly spoken by the rabblement of English travellers who had found their way into this almost public reception. They crowded rudely upon the princess, almost hindering her advance.

"She always comes in late that she may make a sensation," said one sour-visaged Englishwoman. "And Princess Dorilante," said another, "always comes in very early that she may have her triumph before the entrance of her rival."

Meanwhile the new comer emerged from the throng into the more open space where the ladies were seated. She was about twenty-six years of age, and beautiful. Her figure, of course, was clumsy; and, of waist, she had none: Roman ladies are too indolent and self-indulgent to retain, if they ever possess, either. But the fall of her shoulders and the set of her head was very graceful: and the languid expression

of her large black eyes, shaded by their long lashes, and the nervous quiver of her pretty lips, darkened by the little shade of moustache which so often sets off Italian beauty — interested, you scarce knew why. When she spoke, a painful effort seemed necessary to enable her to collect her ideas; yet there was a winning softness and gentleness in her manner that made you wish you could assist and prompt her. It was with the same kind expression that she now moved towards the Princess Dorilante; who, compelled, at last, to see her, rose from her seat and advanced three steps towards her. There she stood and put out her hand; and with measured politeness, exchanged phrases of courtesy. There was evidently some truth in the sour-visaged Englishwoman's imputation of rivalry, to one, at least, of the two great ladies.

"Now," said Horace Enderby, who had rejoined the cousins as they fell back to make way for the greeting of the two potentates, "now you see the possessor of some of the very oldest blood in Europe.

The Montmorenci and our English Courtenays can alone compete for antiquity of race with the family of Princess Castellonia."

"I am glad that, at all events, one Roman noble has married a countrywoman," said Mary.

"Prince Castellonia did not want money, and he did want blood," replied Horace.

"What a magnificent tiara of diamonds! What a necklace! What ear-rings she has!" exclaimed Caroline.

Meanwhile the two potentates had separated. The one had resumed her seat, and the other was moving gracefully on, when a fresh stir was perceived in the crowded room. But, in this case, it was a stir of curiosity, rather than of attraction. Instead of crowding up to the new comer, as had been the case when the queen of diamonds entered, people now fell back, and, rather precipitately, made way for a little woman who entered the room alone, and, after pausing a moment to look about her, passed beside both the Princess Castellonia

and Princess Dorilante, recognizing each, but without pausing to meet their advances, and seated herself on an ottoman at the other side of the room. There was nothing remarkable in the manner or the dress of this lady; and she might have passed unnoticed, but that the others seemed to shrink from her, as if they feared she might not return such advances as they should make.

"Who can she be?" asked Caroline, eagerly.

"Another foreigner, married to a Roman prince: a Frenchwoman by birth, now Princessa Del Borgo. She is the real queen of Rome. Did you not observe how the other two watched her entrance?"

"It is very strange!" exclaimed Mary, laughing.

Caroline was silent and thoughtful. At length she murmured, half audibly and as if speaking to herself, "It is a very fine thing to be a Roman princess."

"Very," said old Mr. Ollier, who happened to be standing near, and who, being rather deaf himself, was sure to overhear

what it was not intended he should: "a very fine thing, indeed, Miss Agelthorpe; and you shall be one yourself, if you like. And, after all, Rome is the first place in the world for society. I do not mean for fashionable or select coteries, such as may be found in May-fair, or in the Faubourg St. Germain; but the best mixed society of all nations is to be found here. The best people of every country come to Rome at least once in their lives; so that there is a constant succession of interesting people. Then half the Roman princes are married to Englishwomen, or Frenchwomen, or Poles; and they all go on most amicably together, without giving up their little national ways."

"Davvero!" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe's old friend, Don Pasquino del Tevere, who was standing near: "Davvero, they are all very domestic, and very devout, and very charitable. The Princess di Rione, who does the honours here to night, gives away her charity as she walks about with her parish priest; she visits and inquires

into the state of her poor, and assists them at their own homes; that is the Roman plan. The Princess Dorilante follows the English plan: she stays at home herself, and puts her name down for donations to charitable purposes, and persuades others to inscribe themselves on her list. The Princess Del Borgo is a Frenchwoman: she dresses up children in pretty blue or red dresses, with little white aprons and great veils; and makes them walk in processions to church, or to school, attended by the French priest. The result is the same; and it is all edifying and harmonious."

Don Pasquino spoke, as he usually did, a compound of Italian, English, and French; and as Mrs. Agelthorpe did not quite understand the purport of what he was saying, she smiled pleasantly, and went and seated herself with her girls on a vacant sofa near. They had not before been able to find vacant places: and were glad now to rest and look around them. Having passed a winter at Rome three or four years ago, the father and mother had a ground-work of friends

and acquaintance and society. These the lady was anxious to recognize, and to ascertain what other of her friends might be amongst the season visitors of the year. She had scarcely been seated two minutes, when a middle-aged woman, with hard Scotch features, and a dry speculating eye, like a gimlet, sprang from an ottoman on the other side of the room, and came towards her: a daughter, also, who was shorter and seemed rather older, as she was less good-looking than her mother, followed with running, springing steps.

"How do you do, Lady Dunkeld?" said Mrs. Agelthorpe, rising to receive her.

"My dearest Mrs. Agelthorpe!" exclaimed the other, "I am so delighted to see you! I was not quite sure it was you, till I saw you talking with Princess Dorilante."

"So I observed," replied Mrs. Agelthorpe: "I saw, when I entered the room, that you were not sure who I was. But I had no doubt you would remember me by-and-bye when others did."

"And these dear girls! Anna, you must

know them," said her ladyship, shaking hands with Caroline and Mary. "And is it true, Mrs. Agelthorpe," she asked, turning aside to the mother, "is it true that these girls are such great heiresses as it is reported they are?"

"Who reports it, Lady Dunkeld?"

"Oh, I don't know: but people are whispering about it in the room. That great newly-discovered Duke Augustiniani has been telling me and others. I thought you had a son?"

"I hope I have," replied Mrs. Agelthorpe: "but my niece is an only child."

"Which is she? I am dying to know. People cannot tell which is which, and the men are afraid of making a mistake."

"That is Miss Agelthorpe," replied the aunt, pointing to the young lady. "But how do you yourself get on in Rome?"

"Oh, excellenly well. I have been here already one winter before this, and have taken a very tolerable apartment in the Palazzino del Bove. The Romans are beginning to look upon me as a resident·

and you know, as we have no English legation here, they want some one to tell them who is who."

"But can you do that? You had but a small circle of acquaintance when we last met."

"Oh, but I have Burke's 'Peerage and Landed Gentry'. Do you know Princess Del Borgo?

"Yes. Do you?"

"Oh, yes: one cannot stay in Rome, you know, in the summer: so, last year, I and Anna went to the Pyrenees, to get acquainted with some of her family who are settled there. You know she is a French woman; and they gave us letters of introduction to her. But, do look at that vulgar-looking old man! who can he be?"

"A most gentlemanly person. Sir Broughton Ferrers and his family."

"Bless me!" softly exclaimed Lady Dunkeld, "I ought to know them. Will you introduce me to them?"

"I cannot leave the girls now," replied

Mrs. Agelthorpe; "but I doubt not you will manage to make their acquaintance."

The two ladies, at the same moment, perceived that the eyes of Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe and of a Cardinal with whom he was conversing, on the other side of the room, were directed towards themselves. The Scotchwoman nervously chatted on, with a manner of demonstrative intimacy, now that her acquaintance with the wife of the friend of his Eminence was noticed by that high personage. Mrs. Agelthorpe was too much occupied in observing the moving features of the Cardinal to attend to the ambitious gossip that was addressed to her. His was, indeed, a striking appearance. Slightly above the middle size, but spare and thin, he carried his emaciated head erect on its slender neck, and moved it from side to side with the incessant activity that animated his sparkling sloe-black eyes. Wide open, and almost showing the white all round the black pupil, those eyes seemed to look through every person they fell upon;

and they fell, almost at once, upon every person in the room. His large nut-cracker jaws moved as though they were eating; more particularly when he had to reply in French to the greeting of any who passed him. To Mr. Agelthorpe he spoke in Italian; and nothing could be more pleasing than the whole expression of his animated countenance while he spoke. When in repose, or when listening attentively, his bushy eyebrows drew down and tightened the yellow skin over his high forehead, and his face assumed a shade of severity which was almost repulsive. He looked the grand inquisitor of Rome.

This was Cardinal Antonelli, president of the Council of State, or newly created body appointed by Pio Nono to consider of needful reforms.

"Who is that Milady Dunkeld, who is now conversing with Madame Agelthorpe," inquired his Eminence, with true Roman diplomacy interspersing trivialities and personalities with serious talk, and gathering, in mixed societies or ball-rooms, information on

which, unsifted, the most weighty affairs are based; "who is that Milady Dunkeld? She is producing herself here as an important personage. Is she not widow of Milord Dunkeld?"

"Her husband, Eminentissimo," replied the Englishman, "her husband was a younger member of General Scampertown's family. He was a captain in the navy of England, and was made a commandatore, or knight, for rowing the king's barge once when his majesty visited the fleet."

"Ah, it is a pity," said Cardinal Antonelli, "that we have no means of knowing who your country people really are. There was an English duke, a certain Duca di Northumberland, called on me a few days ago. Is he a proper person? May I return his visit?"

"He will do, your Eminence," answered Mr. Agelthorpe, smiling. "It is indeed to be regretted that no diplomatic relations exist between the courts of Rome and England; such ought be useful in more important matters, if moderate men were

selected, who would really represent to each government the wishes of the other."

"It is not to be hoped for," said his Eminence; "your government is so violent, so outrageous against us. The language of your English newspapers is so unmeasured, that we cannot but feel it as intentionally insulting."

"But, Eminentissimo, our English government cannot restrain our newspapers."

"When there is a will there is a way," replied Cardinal Antonelli. "I wish, when you return to London, you would ask your Lord Palmerston if he ever reads anything against England in the *Giornale di Roma?* I never permit anything to be published against the English government; and the English government ought to treat us with the same courtesy.* I hope, Prince, I have the honour of seeing you well?" said his Eminence, addressing a good-looking moustached Roman of about forty years of age, whose features would have had rather an

* All these words were really spoken by Cardinal Antonelli.

American cast, but that the vivacity of the eye was tempered by carelessness and unsteadiness of glance which American character never shows forth.

"Your most humble servant, Eminence," replied the Prince Dorilante, with off-hand but friendly frankness: then, turning to the Englishman, he exclaimed, "Monsieur Middleton Agelthorpe, I am very glad to see you again in Rome. When did you arrive?"

"Only this afternoon; and I saw you, Prince, as I passed along the Corso. You were in that magnificent classical uniform, and commanding what they tell me is the Civic Guard. But surely the old Romans whom you imitate were never so gorgeous as you turn out? Your helmets are magnificent!"

"Too republican, are they not? We nobles would have preferred to copy a later age. But the rabble are wild just now. However, it is best to humour them till we see what turns up. It is long enough since we laymen have had anything to do with the government of the state: we must now

beware, lest the rabble get more than their share."

"But tell me, Prince," asked the Englishman, "where have you discovered such a mine of wealth in Rome that you should shoe your horses with gold? Have you a new excavation in the Foro Romano, or in the Villa Dorilante? I observed, as I passed to-day, that the horse you rode was shod with gold."

"In faith, I don't see that we are excavating wealth anywhere, for all our festive doings," replied the prince. "The gold, as you call it, on my horse's shoes, was only copper. You must be aware, as you know Rome of old—you must be aware that the lava blocks with which our streets are paved are so hard, that iron horse-shoes slip on them as if they were ice. I am obliged to be much about on horseback with this Civic Guard, and I have therefore had my horse shod with copper. It is not so hard as iron, and, in consequence, slips less on the pavement. But I must go and pay my homage to your good lady," he said, moving away.

Before, however, he had effected his purpose, a burly diplomatist, wearing a broad ribband and large star on his breast, bustled up to where Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe and her nieces were seated beside some other English ladies. She gladly recognized the good-humoured, pleasant features of the minister of Tuscany, and rose to receive him. Frankly taking both her hands, he inquired after her health, and then begged her to introduce him to her daughters, that he might present to them a young man whom he had led up with him from the other side of the room. He did so; and, having introduced Prince Raffaelli to Mary, he requested the mother to take his arm, that he might lead her to the refreshment-room, while the prince and the young ladies accompanied them. It may well be believed that his proposal was most agreeable to Caroline and Mary, who wished to see the whole of the splendid suite of apartments, and of the interesting company collected there; and they slowly wended their way towards the adjoining drawing-rooms. Mr. Ollier joined

them as they passed where he stood; and, giving his arm to Caroline, entertained her, as they went on, by explaining to her who were the most important of the cardinals, of the ladies, the diplomatists, and the prelates they passed in the several rooms. Inquiring and admiring glances from many of the men fell upon the party as they passed; and the young girls could not fail to perceive that they were already observed and spoken of.

"That is a good-looking young fellow with your cousin, is he not?" asked Mr. Ollier of Caroline. "He is tall and slim—rather disjointed, as many of them are; but his face is expressive, and he looks as if he had more sense, than nature, and some centuries of intermarriage with others of the same class as himself, have endowed him with. See how he is laying himself out to captivate his partner. How angry he will be!"

"Why so? Who is he?" carelessly asked Caroline.

"Why, it has been already bruited about

in the room that one of you is a great heiress; and he misunderstood me when I answered his inquiries, and got himself introduced to your cousin. He is already counting upon the half million of scudi, or whatever he fancies her fortune to be: and thinks his person quite calculated to secure it. I will not undeceive him, and I hope you will not tell Mary."

"Not unless I see her inclined to think too much of him. But you have not told me who he is."

"Oh, he is a Roman Prince, and of a very good family. But he would not do for you. He has nothing in the world but his old palace; and he wants an English girl's money with which to refurnish it. They are all alike. They all want a good dower with which to repair and refurnish their palaces.

"Our Roman young men in general," interposed Don Pasquino, who walked on the other side of Caroline, "our Roman young men want no other estate than their own elegant persons. They cannot enter

into any profession. Commerce or the bar would be beneath the rank of a Roman prince. The papal army does not open much of a career: and the civil service none, unless they put on purple stockings. What these changes may produce remains to be seen; but thus far, their only chance of advancement is a journey to London and Paris: there they learn to talk French, and perhaps a smattering of English; there they learn to dress themselves; and when they return to Rome, they hang about the Porta del Popolo and these drawing-rooms, and inquire what are the fortunes of the English girls who come to Rome. Prince Raffaelli has done and is doing it all; and I shall enjoy his mistake much."

Miss Agelthorpe was silent; and the shrewd old man suspected the current of her thoughts.

"He would not do for you," he said. "Roman princes are to be had who are not beggars: and I mean to manage it all."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the young lady in a not unpleased tone. "Nonsense, Mr.

Ollier. But tell me who is that pretty nice-looking little lady."

"A French woman again—the Duchessa Rollozaga, wife of a noble Roman. She was spending a winter here and was unwell, and attended by a physician, at the same time that Duke Rollozaga was also unwell and attended by another physician. The two doctors met somewhere in consultation over another invalid: and after, no doubt, hastening his passage to the next world, they began talking over their mutual patients. The names of these two were mentioned. 'They would make a very good match,' said the doctors. 'They are not acquainted with each other; but let us manage it.' They did manage it. They suggested the proposal to parties who took it up. The young people were introduced to one another; and a very happy marriage it has turned out. They are some of the nicest and most fashionable people in Rome."

Meanwhile our friends wandered on through a more magnificent suite of apart-

ments than we can describe. They were of the same character as those we have seen them inhabit in the Palazzo Sermoneta, all great Roman palaces being built pretty much on the same plan; they surround a court into which a suite of smaller rooms look, while the larger saloons again surround them, and are lighted by windows looking into the streets. In the palace of the Cardinal President, were two or more courts; and the number of rooms was proportionately increased; there were anterooms, and drawing-rooms, and the throne-room, with the portrait of the benignant sovereign clad in the white robes of the papacy: here was the library, and the study of the Cardinal President with his writing tables and bureaux, and one or two beautifully-carved crucifixes and choice paintings; and here was the large room in which refreshment tables and buffets were handsomely laid out and covered with cakes and fruits, and tea and coffee, and refreshing drinks and ices in every variety. The whole reunion presented a magnificent spectacle,

and was well calculated to impress the two young girls who had entered into society for the first time. Miss Agelthorpe noted it all, and was silent. Her own thoughts almost prevented her from following the conversation of her companion; anecdotical and entertaining as Mr. Ollier's conversation generally was. She was evidently revolving and weighing her impressions in her own mind. She was forming her character, if it was not already formed. At all events, she was modifying and confirming inclinations or foregone conclusions, and bringing every thing that she saw home to herself, and considering it in reference to her own worldly future. If she had had ability sufficient to exalt and shape her own vague aspirations, the promptings of her spirit might have produced one of those female characters that sometimes, and fortunately seldom, startle the world. As it was, her thoughts, whatever they were, seemed only to repress her feelings; and her beautiful features grew more thoughtful or more unmeaning, as with a heightened colour and a prouder step, she

hung upon her companion's arm, and they made the tour of those magnificent apartments.

On her cousin Mary, the effect of the scenes she also beheld for the first time, seemed to be quite different. Her disposition had always been more playful, her mind more active, her feelings more refined and gentle than those of Caroline; and if she went into Rome prepared to enjoy and to understand, and to feel every thing, not only because it was Roman, but because it was her nature to feel, and to understand and to enjoy, the spirit within her rose to buoyancy and enthusiasm when she now saw how beautiful and how pleasant was society, and when she considered that she was in the midst of those who were playing a part in the great drama of the world. Her character, also was being formed that night. A tone of deeper enthusiasm, a spirit of more confirmed cheerfulness and hope and light-hearted happiness, a greater admiration of the world and of tender thankfulness to its Maker, because He

had made it, and because she found society more interesting and pleasant than she had expected to find it; all these descended upon her, or uprose within her, and gave to her air a lightness and buoyancy, and to her face a radiance of enthusiasm which had scarcely been apparent in her before. With lips, eyes, and forehead beaming with intelligence, she looked supremely pleased and happy. She chatted gaily and sprightly with her companion as they sauntered through the room, and made him point out to her all the eminent persons whom they passed, and all the men whose names were already becoming known in the opening drama of Roman politics in which they expected to play so high a part. Who can wonder that many an eye was fixed upon that speaking face; and that the interest excited in the two young English girls with flaxen hair, and faces like angels, rose to a pitch of rare intensity when the young Romans learned that one or both of them were "ricchissime"; and that they were to spend the rest of the winter and spring in Rome.

And now it was time to return home, and our friends were preparing to leave the glittering scene, when another gentleman came up to Mr. Ollier, as he was taking leave of Mary Agelthorpe, and requested to be introduced to her.

"Diammine! but she is beautiful!" he said. "I have been following you for this last half hour, and watching every sparkle of her pretty eyes and mouth. Present me to her and to the father and mother also; for I must have the *entrée* to their house."

He who thus spoke was a remarkably handsome young man. Of some four-and-twenty years of age, he was tall and well made, with the carriage and manner of a gentleman, and features which a sculptor would copy. Less dark than the majority of Italians about him, a neat brown moustache covered his upper lip; and short curling brown hair enframed his pale features.

"I thought, Federigo, you had no hope, or thought, or eyes, or heart, for anything but Italy," said Mr. Ollier, smiling as he

led the young man to the group he had just left, and begged Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe to permit him to introduce to them Marchese Federigo Casavecchia of Piemont.

Horace Enderby had been saying pleasant nothings to Mary Agelthorpe: and it was with a sigh that he made way for the distinguished-looking Piemontese, and heard him pay some well-turned compliment to his former playfellow.

In a few minutes, the party were in their carriage and returning homeward. All were chatty and in high spirits except the father, who was usually so conversible.

"I have had much talk with old friends and acquaintances," he said. "Great events are coming on: and I should say 'Heaven speed them,' but that I fear the men here are not equal to the occasion."

## CHAPTER III.

What now remains?—a mightier rule than e'er
  Thy palmiest days could show. Thou didst disown
Thy thousand gods, and, all reluctant, hear
  The preacher's word, and bow thee down to One.
That One o'ercame the nations far and near,
  And brought them all to own thy triple crown.
The sword and earthly rule no more was thine:
But, mightier far, thy sway became divine.

"Come, Mary," said her father on the following morning to his daughter: "Let us to church to offer our visit to Rome to the Almighty, and to pray him to accept and sanctify it. Your mother will go later to the neighbouring church of the Gesù: but I should like to methodize your first impressions of Rome. Let us go forth together."

They were soon threading a labyrinth of narrow streets whose windings seemed to be familiar to Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe. They descended a rather steep declivity;

turned sharp to the right, round a circular pile of coarse masonry, and stood before a noble portico.

"The Pantheon!" exclaimed Mary recognising it. "I am so glad you have brought me here first!"

"The last of the Pagan temples, the earliest of the Christian churches, the most beautiful hall the world has ever consecrated to God, was entitled to be first visited," replied her father.

They entered: and the bright sun, streaming through the vast circular opening at the top of the dome, and the blue sky that spread so serenely over them, did, indeed, seem to proclaim the building the eternal house of God: for without any straight line or angle of masonry to arrest the eye, without any window looking out upon this nether world, it appeared to be complete in itself—disconnected with all below—a fane through whose ever open dome the vows of a world had, for centuries, ascended, as they would for centuries to come ascend, direct to the heavenly powers.

All this rushed upon the minds of the two visitors, as they looked for chair or pew where they might kneel and raise up their hearts on high. Two dirty wooden *prie Dieus* facing particular altars, and about a dozen low forms, without backs or kneeling benches to raise the devotees from the dirty floor, were all the accommodation provided. They sought one of the side chapels, and bent them upon its marble step. After a few minutes, the father arose, and Mary was soon again at his side.

"Let us look up to the dome," he said, "until some officiating priest comes forth. Kneeling on that step, we could see only the marble wall before us. Most beautiful temple!" he exclaimed, "what must it have been in former times, before it had been stripped of its richest ornaments — the bronze and marble casings of its dome — by the jealousy of succeeding ages! For thirty years, I have known this church and have ever found it neglected as now. Look at its cracked and broken pavement; many

of the slabs, even, have been carried away: but the same old mason who is working there now to repair it, or his fellow, has been working at it for thirty years. He does not even keep it from getting worse and worse. I fancy that the same dirt encrusts the floor as encrusted it when I first knelt here. And see, a thronged market-place is outside, and two worshippers only have come in to pray: here are eight altars and no priest; and I fear it will chance to-day as it has almost always chanced before: scarcely ever have I found a service in this church. Oh, if I were Cardinal, methinks that I would rather have this as my titular church than St. Peter's itself! I would make it my pride to repair, to uphold, to beautify this proudest artistic conquest that the Gospel has ever wrung from Paganism. But these people are as dead to enthusiasm as the dirty-surpliced canons of an English country cathedral, who only consider how much they can get from the livings at the least possible inconvenience to themselves."

"Do you remember the lines, papa?" said Mary:

"See, that most noble temple ever raised
By man to heaven,—Pantheon's star-lit dome,—
Where all the gods, whose sway had e'er debased
The human mind, once found themselves a home.
The One great power who still, in pity, gazed
On all its wanderings, deigned at length to come;
And 'Mary and the martyrs' guard on high
The rescued fane of foul idolatry."

"I wish the Blessed Virgin and the Martyrs, under whose invocation this church is consecrated, would make its human guardians take better care of it," exclaimed the father.

They left the church with a feeling of disappointment and annoyance, and began to pace its magnificent portico. Here, at least, no sentiment was outraged; the pillars were here in all their beautiful proportions; and Mr. Agelthorpe directed his daughter's taste to appreciate and admire them.

But it is not our province nor our purpose to describe the wonders of Rome. Matters of greater interest lie before us; and we must pass unnoticed, or must leave

to the events of our narrative to unfold the sensations with which the two young girls —in whom we hope to interest the younger portion of our readers—beheld all that people go to Rome to behold; and the impressions and the influences which these world-wonders wrought upon them. Other events seemed to be then hurrying forwards; and the minds of all they met were more engrossed by anticipation of coming changes, than by study of that which had been stationary for centuries.

Some days after their arrival in Rome, Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe went to the Roman custom-house, (ensconced amid the magnificent remains of the temple of Antoninus Pius) to reclaim the more heavy portions of his baggage, which had been sent, by sea, from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. He procured a *facchino* from the steam-packet office, to pass them, as the phrase is; and watched meanwhile, with no small interest, the busy scene around. Well, indeed, might Pius the Ninth so anxiously labour, as he was then doing, to establish a

custom-house league amongst all Italian states, to prevent the trivialities of administration and peculation which fell under the notice of the Englishman! Books were less rigidly examined than usual; for a degree of freedom, and even license, was already established in regard to the press of the country; and Mr. Agelthorpe marked the intelligent look exchanged between his facchino and the examining officer, when they discovered that one or two of his trunks were filled with books, although household linen was spread over at the top of them. "That will do," said the one to the other; "it is all linen;" and they hastily closed the boxes.

The Englishman was turning away, when the facchino came up to him, looking mysterious. "There is a harp here, amongst your luggage, Eccellenza," he said.

"I know it!" replied Agelthorpe.

"Who does it belong to, Eccellenza?"

"To my niece—as you wish to know."

"We must say she is a professor, Eccellenza, and gains her living by it."

"How mean you, sirrah? I tell you it belongs to my niece."

"I fear me we shall have to pay a heavy duty upon it."

"Pay what you must, and no more. I am going away, as everything else is passed;" and he turned away. Shortly afterwards, the facchino announced that he had passed the harp duty free, and brought his bill of the custom-house expenses. It was paid, with an ample *buona mano* to himself; but he still stood unsatisfied.

"But the harp, Eccellenza?". . . .

"You told me you had passed it without paying any duty."

"So I did, Eccellenza; but as you would not declare that your Signorina was a professor, I could only do so by the favour of the officer. It is an understood practice in our custom-house, that the officer who passes any article free of duty, receives for himself half the amount of duty to which it is liable."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Agelthorpe.

"Ask any shopkeeper or merchant in

Rome, Eccellenza," replied the facchino. "He will tell you it is the established practice of the place. Your harp was liable to a duty of ten scudi: it was passed free, and I gave five scudi to the officer. You do not suppose, Signor Forestiere, that I would risk my place by making an unusual or false charge?"

"So, this is the way," thought Mr. Agelthorpe, "that the ecclesiastics manage their finances! No wonder that there is a yearly deficit in the state revenue, equal to one-third of the expenditure!" He was walking homewards, in deep thought, when, turning an angle into the Corso, he came upon Marchese Casavecchia, the young Piemontese, who had been introduced to him at the Cardinal President's. They had met more than once since; for the young man had not lost an opportunity of visiting the family, and of improving his acquaintance with the bright-looking Mary Agelthorpe.

"What grave thoughts disturb you, Signore Middleton?" he asked, as the elder took his arm; "you look thoughtful and

vexed with the pavement and walls of old Rome."

Agelthorpe told him what he had learned at the custom-house; and then launched out against the obstinacy and ignorant selfishness which led ecclesiastics to insist upon occupying every place in the government, down to the finances and the customs. "Can they not understand," he exclaimed, "that one may wish to remove them without having a thought against either their honesty or their ability? The duties of their holy state ought to make them, as they do make them, ignorant of matters of temporal administration. I consider that we pay them the greatest compliment, when we proclaim that their theological studies and priestly avocations have disqualified them for the ministry of war or of finance."

"They will not thank us for saying so, nevertheless," replied the Piemontese. "See how they cling to the old system, notwithstanding all promises and expectations. It is more than a year and a half since this Pope has led men to hope for better things;

but absolutely nothing has been done; none of the old officials have been removed, and people are becoming impatient. Depend upon it, matters cannot continue much longer as they are."

"And what will be the upshot?" asked Mr. Agelthorpe.

"I almost fear to anticipate," replied Casavecchia. "May it but tend to the union and independence of Italy! The rest I leave to events. People and governments must take care of themselves, and fight their own way through the coming storm. I suspect, however," he added, looking cautiously round, "I suspect that few of those who now hail its approach will weather the blast."

"Whom mean you?"

"These Roman princes and nobles. For the last century, they have chafed and inwardly rebelled against the ecclesiastical fetters that bound them down. Look back to their history. Think of the proud barons who defied alike Pope and people. What subjected them to papal sway? The powers

of Germany and of France doubtless assisted; but, more than by these, were they induced to live peaceably under the crozier, by the organization that enabled themselves to wield it; by the organization that enabled them so often to elect one another to the papal throne. It was evidently their interest to support a government in which they had so large a share. The long reigns of Pius the Sixth and Seventh, and the political storms that swept over them, introduced a new order of Cardinals; offered a worldly career elsewhere to Roman nobles; and, as it lessened their chance of obtaining the throne, so it made the throne less personally interesting to them. Hence discontent with the system of government; discontent that they were excluded from it, unless they enrolled themselves amongst the clergy: hence their enthusiasm for the new polity of the present Pope, because they hope that it will give the temporal government of the country into their own hands."

"Think you such will be the result?"

"Frankly, I own that I do not," con-

tinued Casavecchia. "They have neither ability nor energy of character to seize the occasion. They have so long intermarried amongst themselves, that they have spread and perpetuated hereditary infirmities. The next generation—for they are all marrying foreigners—will be of a different stamp: the blood will have been renewed Think you that if these great lords—for they really are great lords, and might be all-powerful in so small a country— think you that if these great lords had the spirit of men, they would not, in the last twenty months, have insisted upon the organization of some government which they could control? Think you that if they had the hearts of Italians, they would not have required that the military force of the state should be drawn out and prepared to defend the liberties they are clamouring for? Nothing of this has been done. The people, it is true, have met and have presented a threatening address to the new Council of State, demanding that, as Austria is openly arming against the freedom of Italy, their own militia, at

least, should be called out and put on such a footing as would enable them to join other patriot Italian states; but the nobles had little hand in that address; and the way in which it was received, proved what the Council of State thought of them."

"Its reception was flattering to your countrymen," said Agelthorpe.

"Yes: since the Council resolved that the King of Sardinia should be requested to send them some officers and a general. But it admitted that the arts of Romans had been those of peace and luxury: that they had neither knowledge, honesty, nor ability to organize an army."

"Well, well; but it occasioned one grand movement in advance; since, a prelate has been replaced by Prince Gabrielli, as minister of war—the first layman who ever sat in the councils of the Pope."

The Piemontese shrugged his shoulders. "Do you think he is a man to draw out his order; or do those of his order show themselves capable of supporting him? Was the mad tumultuous joy that we all wit-

nessed a few days ago—were the fireworks, the processions, the illuminations which hailed the recent proclamation of a constitution in Naples—inspired or guided by the nobles? Depend upon it, the people are meeting together too often; they are organizing themselves, and learning their own power. What could be more destructive of all authority than the fearful tumult of last evening?"

"I cannot make out in what it originated," said Mr. Agelthorpe. "Everyone began to whisper at once that the Council of State wished to organize the militia and the army, but that the ministers withheld their consent. I never saw such a fearful row in my life—such a national clamour for arms to resist the Austrians. And I could not but note the mob-imprecations against ecclesiastical ministers and the outcries against the poor Jesuits—whom the people believe to be opposed to them. Where were the Roman nobles then, that they did not rally round their Prince? On the contrary: they allowed him to be bul-

lied into a promise that he would alter his ministry: so that, at present, and until there is some very material change, he only holds his power by compliance with the will of the mob."

The two friends turned into the Piazza di Venezia, and saw a concourse of people gathered round a newly-posted proclamation. "Aye; here it is," said the Englishman: "here is the consequence of the row. Let us see who has conquered—Prince or people:" and he read—"Romans! the Pontiff, who, for two years, has received so many tokens of your love and faith, is not deaf to your wishes. We are constantly meditating how we can develope and perfect, without compromising our duties to the Church, those civil institutions which, compelled by no necessity, we granted of our own free will; so much did we wish for the happiness of our people, and esteem their noble qualities. We had thought of reorganizing the militia before the public voice required it; and we had sought for foreign officers to help those who so honour-

ably serve the Pontifical Government. To avail ourselves of those whose talents and experience might enable them to promote public improvements, we had already planned to increase the number of laymen in the ministry—"

"Poor old man!" exclaimed Casavecchia, "why did he not do all this before the people clamoured for it? He has been planning and planning for two years and has done nothing."

"Let us see the conclusion of the proclamation," said Agelthorpe, and he read on—"neglect nothing that can conduce to the dignity and tranquillity of the state:"—"at peace with all Italian sovereigns:"—"no fear of any war unless tumultuous conduct gives an excuse for interference:"—"we ourselves, if we were attacked, should we not have all Catholicity to defend us?—"

"Holà, we must read this;" said the Piemontese.

"What a great gift of heaven is this," continued the proclamation, "amongst the many other gifts with which Italy is fa-

voured, that scarcely three millions of our own subjects should have two hundred millions of brothers of every nation and language! This, at the fall of the ancient world, was the salvation of Rome: this it was that always preserved Italy from complete ruin: this will be ever its safeguard so long as the Apostolic See is in the centre of it. Bless, therefore, great God, this Italy, and preserve to it always this most precious gift—of Faith! Bless it with the blessing that, humbly and with his forehead bowed to the earth, is sought of Thee by Thy Vicar. Bless it with the blessing that is asked for it by all the Saints to whom it gave life, by the Queen of Saints who protects it, by the Apostles whose glorious relics it preserves, by Thy Son Incarnate, who sent to reside in this Rome his own Representative upon earth.

"Given at St. Mary Major, the 10th February, 1848, in the second year of our Pontificate. "Pius P.P. IX."

"It is curious," said Agelthorpe: "It is timid and ominous of evil. It is so depre-

catory that it shows that the poor Sovereign has none to back him. I do not like it."

"But the Romans do!" exclaimed Mr. Ollier, coming up. "See how they are shouting and cheering and gathering their bands. There goes Ciceruacchio! aye, and there begins the clang of bells from the church towers. Let us go home and order out the carriage, and take your ladies to see the gathering."

They did so; and, in another hour, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe and the girls were driving towards the Piazza Barbarini that they might reach the square in front of the Quirinal palace without interfering with the procession. Slowly and tumultuously, and yet gorgeous in its festive display, that procession was gathering itself, and moving from the Piazza del Popolo along the Corso and up the steep ascent to Monte Cavallo. Twelve troops of the Civic Guard, in their absurdly-classic helmets, led the way; the mob of populace, of respectable citizens and of soldiers, all

mixed together, followed: four large bodies of ecclesiastics, in their religious robes, came next; they upbore the great Pontifical banner — beside which tricolor flags and tassels waved ominously: singers, confraternities, instrumental music, and military bands accompanied and enlivened the whole. Never was greater demonstration of joy; never was more devoted enthusiasm. The different companies entered and spread themselves over the broad square of the Quirinal. The Pontiff came to the great balcony and signed that he wished to speak. Instantaneous and most complete was the silence. Even the rush in air of the beautiful fountains ceased, as if by magic, lest the splash of their waters should overpower a single word. But there was no such cause of fear. Full, sonorous, and musical, uprose the voice of Pius the Ninth —clearly audible to the further verge of the square where our friends stood up, with beating hearts, in their open carriage beyond the crowd.

"Before," said the Pontiff, "before the

blessing of God descends upon you, upon the rest of my state, and upon the whole of Italy, I pray you all to be of one mind and to keep that faith which you have promised to your Pontiff."

"We swear it!" "We swear it!" cried the immense concourse with one voice.

"I warn you, however," continued the Pope: "Let me not again hear certain cries which do not come from the mass of the people, but from a few: and let not demands be pressed upon me which are contrary to the sanctity of the Church; demands that I cannot, that I ought not and that I will not grant. On this condition, with my whole soul, I bless you."

The immense multitude fell on its knees, and, with noble gestures, the holy Pontiff signed over them the sign of salvation.

Our friends continued their drive, and, passing out of the Porta Pia, turned to the right and circled the old walls of Rome.

"What a magnificent scene we have witnessed!" said Mary, thoughtfully. "But what," she asked, "could be the meaning of

the warning words of the Holy Father? What cries did he allude to and object to?"

"It must have been to those imprecations against the Jesuits, which are, more or less, heard in every Roman crowd," replied her father. "How, or why, or wherefore the Jesuits are unpopular, I care not to inquire: but, in every country in the world, there is a feeling against them. When, last autumn, the Sunderbund, as it was called, or the Catholic party, was conquered by the revolutionists of Switzerland, who outraged every private and constitutional right with the narrow-mindedness of political bigots, the Catholics of Rome made most tremendous rejoicings because the Jesuits had fallen with their own co-religionists in Switzerland. The howls of triumph, and the processions and the execrations then upraised against the Jesuits in the streets of Rome, might well terrify the Pontiff, and make him hesitate in granting those further liberal measures he had meditated: and now, incensed by the delay which they themselves have probably

occasioned, the rabble here cry out against the Jesuits as if they were the cause of it."

"They are a violent, ignorant, and brutal mob!" exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe; "and it is impossible to make anything of them!"

Middleton laughed at his wife's vehemence. Mary looked disappointed; and Caroline pouted with her pretty lips, and was sulky. But the interest of the drive soon restored serenity to the minds of all, as they circled those curious walls, overgrown with wild weeds and ivy and the memories of ages. They cast a broad shade on the landscape of the valleys to the east; but beyond that shadow, how bright and glowing were the kitchen gardens, the orchards and vines, supported and fenced in by the great reeds of the south! how purple were the hills of Albano and Frascati, dotted with white villas! how transparent was the sky above! They turned into the Appian road, and soon checked the carriage at the door of a little church, of rude and unpretending architecture. They all entered it, and saw, with surprise, its poor irregular

style of building, and the barbarous and strange pictures and statues that encumbered it: amongst others, a large painted figure of the Saviour carrying His cross, and a rude stone, like those still seen in the old Roman pavements, but which bore the impression of a naked foot, were particularly pointed out by Mr. Agelthorpe.

"That church is very interesting to my fancy," he said, as they reentered the carriage, and drove on. "There is in it a blending of antiquity, rudeness, superstition and piety, that is poetical. It is built on the ruins of a pagan temple that was surrounded by a grove of palm trees, whence it derives one of its names, 'Santa Maria delle Palme': its other and more popular name of 'Domine quo vadis' is derived from the legend which that stone and figure record. It is said that St. Peter, momentarily overcome by terror at the dangers he was about to encounter by preaching the Gospel in Rome, turned back again disheartened, and rested in this grove of palm trees. Here he saw the figure of his Lord

carrying His cross, and walking towards Rome. 'Domine quo vadis—Lord whither art thou going?' asked St. Peter. '*I* am going to Rome,' replied the Saviour, with a look of reproach; and as the apparition disappeared, it left the impression of a foot in the flinty paving stone turned towards Rome. Full of renewed zeal, St. Peter uprose and advanced whither his Lord had pointed the way; and preached and died, as we all know."

"What a pretty legend!" exclaimed Mary; "there is such a mixture of wildness, and history, and piety in many of these stories, that one would almost wish to believe them."

They continued their drive, and soon turned off from the high road. The afternoon was so beautiful, the air of the early spring was so warm and balmy, that they longed to walk, and enjoy the turf that was budding green and spangled with early daisies round them. An object of interest can be every where found on this side of Rome; and our friends clambered up a steep knoll to a

beautiful wood of evergreen oaks on their right hand. The view of Rome, outstretched before them, was very beautiful; but the setting sun behind it warned them not to tarry, and they all ran down the hill, joyous and romping. Mr. Agelthorpe, however, would not yet return to the carriage, but led them on beside a winding, but sluggish little stream that intersected the meadow. They turned an outstanding buttress of the hill, and stood before the moss, fern, and lichen-covered cavern and fountain of Egeria. All recognized it immediately, either from memory or the many prints of this romantic spot; and the father, with the unction of a poet, began rapturously to quote Byron's beautiful stanza,

"Egeria! sweet creation of some heart."

—— "'a beautiful thought, and sweetly bodied forth,'

— am I not, Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe?" exclaimed Horace Enderby, springing from a niche into which he had climbed, and where he had been hid behind some waving wild plants. "I am sure,

that Mr. Agelthorpe had discovered and addressed the verses to me;" he continued, as he warmly shook hands with all the party.

"What a lovely spot you have chosen in which to sentimentalize!" said Mary; "but I think papa would have addressed you as Apollo, or some wild sylvan deity, if he had seen these beautiful dogs. Good dog! Good old fellow! Oh, you beauty!" she exclaimed, as she patted the heads of two large English setters who laid their noses against her.

"Are you fishing here with dogs, Mr. Enderby?" asked Caroline, as she picked her way amongst the trickling rills towards the broken statue at the bottom of the cavern.

"Yes; and I have had pretty good sport," replied the young man, pointing to his game-bag which hung on a wild plant in a niche, and seemed to be well filled out. "I had but just followed my dogs, who know this spot well and came to bathe in the waters of the fountain," he added to Mary.

"I wish you had said so before I drank some of the water!" exclaimed Caroline. "How could you so desecrate this spot?"

"Nay," suggested Mary, "it seems to be just suited to be the sylvan retreat of a hunter and his dogs."

"The charm of all these places lies in the memories they embalm," observed the young man to Mary: "and, most assuredly, I shall hereafter think of the fountain of Egeria with much more interest than it ever before possessed for me."

He lowered his voice somewhat as he spoke, and looked rather annoyed when she answered, in her sprightly and usual tone, "That will be because you have met me here."

"Come, young folks," said Mrs. Agelthorpe, "it is time for us to be moving homewards."

"Not before we have been to the temple of Bacchus on the hill," replied her husband. "I told the coachman to meet us there."

Horace Enderby took his gun from an

angle in the brickwork, where it had stood; slung his game-bag across his shoulder; and, whistling to his dogs, was at Mary's side, offering to assist her over the broken ground. But she bounded lightly forwards with the dogs, who gambolled around her, telling the young sportsman that he had lost the Pope's blessing, and describing to him the grand procession and the rejoicings they had witnessed.

"I am glad I was away," he replied; "I almost feel it a case of conscience not to swell these festive ovations. The Romans are working themselves into such a state of excitement, that I know not how they will ever settle down again into quiet rational beings."

"That would be another desecration," said Mary: "to make the Romans quiet rational beings,—hair-dressers, tailors, and silk-mercers—oh, degradation!

"What a nice-looking young woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Agelthorpe, coming up to the door of the temple of Bacchus, now transformed into a farm-house, and noticing

a peasant girl who stood there and reverently greeted them, "Who are you, my child?" she asked.

"The sister of the farmers, to obey your Eccellenza, signora," replied the girl, smiling. "I have not been able to place myself this winter at Rome."

"She would just do for us, Middleton," said the wife; "and I should be very glad to have her instead of that dirty Theresa we have just parted with, if any one knew anything about her, and could speak to her character."

"I know them of old as most respectable little farmers," interposed Horace Enderby. "The brothers supply me with hay; and I would also advise you to have yours from them, Mr. Agelthorpe; it is always good, and much cheaper than what you get from the dealers."

The ruined temple was little worth looking at; but while examining it with the attention which every one feels bound to bestow upon all Roman antiquities, Mr. Agelthorpe had much talk with the young

farmer, and finally arranged to have from him the hay for his carriage horses. Francesco was a shrewd and sturdy peasant, and was well satisfied with an arrangement which secured him a constant customer for his crop. at not very much more than the regular wholesale price. Mrs. Agelthorpe, in the meanwhile, talked with his sister Rosina, who shewed her good testimonials from two Roman ladies, in whose domestic service she had lived. Her delight was excessive when the English lady engaged her as a housemaid. "Now, at last," she told her brothers as they drove away; "now she had got into the family of a Milorda; and she would earn double the wages that any Italians gave."

Horace Enderby whistled his dogs, and walked briskly back to Rome.

## CHAPTER IV.

Oh; rather gaze around. Dost thou not see
How small the space thy little world can claim?
Beneath, above, a bright immensity
Of living air, bedecked with points of flame?
Think, think how blest 'mid these to wander free;
Not circumscribed by mortal senses tame;
But with a mental power enlarged, refined,—
All spirit—all a pure, ethereal mind!

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former governess, Miss Webb.*

"I HAVE not before told you how much I like papa's old friends, Don Pasquino del Tevere and his family. They are our near neighbours and constant companions, when we have no particular engagement of society or sight-seeing. They live very near to us; in fact, in a part of the same great Palazzo Mattei, from which this has been separated: but a terrace unites the two; and we have opened an old door-way that

formerly existed, and by which we can pass to one another without going down to the street. Don Pasquino is said to be the cleverest man in Rome: his wife is an invalid, and we never see anything of her; but their two children are most entertaining companions. It is true that they are much too young to be companions to Caroline and me, in the usual acceptance of the term. Bianca is only fourteen, and her brother, Marforio, is but twelve years old: but, being native Romans, they can tell us a great deal that is interesting about places and people; and we talk French and Italian with them, and have promised to teach them English. I believe the family was once very wealthy: they are certainly amongst the oldest of the princely houses of Rome; and seem to be looked up to and respected by everybody.

"It was evening, when the carriage which Don Pasquino keeps for his children stopped before St. Peter's. He himself went in his own brougham and met us on the esplanade. The heavy leather curtain

which hangs before the door, was raised by one of our party, and we entered. Benediction was just over; and a venerable bishop, with a train of acolytes, was leaving the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. The procession passed across the church; pausing, however, at the side door to the sacristy, directly opposite the altar. The bishop stopped, and turned again towards the altar at which he had officiated. Two of the acolytes placed a red velvet cushion before him, on which he knelt for an instant in prayer; and then, rising, left the church.

"We advanced up the nave; but had only proceeded a few steps, when Don Pasquino, who had constituted himself more especially my guide, leaving Caroline with Bianca and Marforio, touched my arm,

"'Stay a moment,' he whispered. 'Stay a moment, before you proceed any further; and look up.'

"I did so; and never shall I forget the sensation produced. I felt a mere atom in the immense space above and around me.

Don Pasquino seemed to read my thoughts, and said, with a slight smile,

"'Yes, it is very humiliating to feel such a mere nothing. St. Peter's is a good place for humbling the pride of man. And yet,' he added, after an instant's pause, 'this splendid edifice is, after all, the work of man; and might nurture his pride even while it humbles him.'

"Meanwhile, the rest of our party were already kneeling at the confessional, as the open space under the dome, and leading to the crypt, is called. We went to join them; passing, on our way, the celebrated statue of St. Peter; said to have been originally a statue of Jupiter. Two or three people kissed the foot, one after the other, while we were passing.

"I knelt before the confessional; and could scarcely realize to myself that I was, indeed, in St. Peter's, and kneeling before the tomb of the Apostles. It seemed to me, that a prayer put up in such a spot, *must* be granted. There was something solemn, too, in the evening gloom; only

relieved by the lamps which gleamed around the confessional, and the lights which illuminated the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. There were not more than a dozen people in the church besides ourselves; and an almost deathlike stillness reigned around.

"As I rose from my knees, Don Pasquino begged me to observe the carpeting of the stairs leading down to the crypt. 'Each step is the work of a Roman princess,' he said; 'and bears the arms of her family. The Colonna and Orsini occupy the two first steps.' He then pointed out the statue of Pope Pius the Sixth, by Canova, which represents him kneeling before the tomb of the Apostles. It is carved in the purest white marble, and the expression of the face is very beautiful.

"I felt as if I could have remained in St. Peter's for ever; but our party was already on the move, and I was obliged to go with them.

"While we were descending the steps, Don Pasquino said, 'I preferred bringing you here to-day and at this hour, because

the church is now empty and silent; and I think your first impression of it is better so, than it would have been, if you had first visited it during one of the magnificent ceremonies. For the same reason, I would not take you round, or shew you any of the many objects of interest which it contains. All these you can see at some future time; but your first impressions can only be produced once. Your first visit to St. Peter's cannot be made a second time.'

"With these words he handed me into the carriage, and took his leave.

"So ended my first visit to St. Peter's."

## CHAPTER V.

And, truth to tell, the sense of piety,
  Inborn in him, had somewhat pass'd away
Since Rome had bared so much of mystery
  And awe imagin'd. Since before him lay
Exposed, ambition—envy—wiles which he
  Had thought on worldly hearts alone to prey;
He almost blam'd religion that the mind
Of man was not to its own height refin'd.

The work of society, of politics, of religion, of sight-seeing went on. Each and all were the everyday occupation of the Middleton Agelthorpes, as they are of every foreign visitor to the Eternal City. And interesting, fatiguing, and exciting beyond measure was the succession of thought and study they occasioned. This, indeed, is a peculiarity of Rome. It is impossible for a stranger to be there without thinking. In other cities, he may go through a round of gaieties, and even of sight-seeing and re-

ligious observances, as a matter of routine merely: here all awakes thought—thought of the past, thought of the future, thought of the present temporal, spiritual, and artistic history of the place and of the immense influence it has exerted, does exert, and seems likely ever to exert on the rest of mankind.

The family sat at their breakfast on the following morning, in the beautiful dining-room we have already described, and which, built upon arches from side to side of the palace, united the two wings and divided its ample court into two. Mr. Agelthorpe was pacing up and down the room, and looking, as he passed, out of the windows on either hand at the many roofs which, on the southern side, were so brilliantly spangled with snow.

"Our landlord's old coachman is making his appearance at last!" he exclaimed. "He is early this morning; it is not ten o'clock. Poor gentleman! how respectable he looks in his long dressing-gown, slippers and cap, as he washes and dusts his master's car-

riages! I have tried, over and over again, to make these Romans understand the economy of an English household; but they prefer their own beggarly, and, at the same time expensive, ways."

"I am sure, uncle, there is nothing beggarly in our landlord's way of living. He keeps more servants than we do."

"I should be very sorry to be plagued with as many as live upon him, Caroline," said her uncle. "I mean no disrespect to the Romans; so you need not fire up. It is their system that I reprobate. Our landlord, for example, keeps, as you say, many more servants than we do: but he lets us the first floor of his palace; the second is let to somebody else, and he himself lives on a third floor. Meanwhile, that old gentleman in the dressing-gown is cleaning his two carriages, and three grooms in the stable are required to take care of his four horses. He keeps no company; yet custom obliges him to maintain a man cook with a great lad under him: and even when he chances to have a dinner party of bachelors,

the probability is that some of them will sit down, like the old coachman, in dressing-gowns and morning caps, to eat from silver tureens and silver dishes."

"I think it much grander," persisted Caroline, "than the closeness of English economy, which will keep no more servants or horses than are wanted for use or display."

"Give me comfort instead of such grandeur!" exclaimed her aunt: "and so all Englishwomen will say. Remember, Caroline, how we laughed the other day, with the pretty English Marchesa Firenze, who has married a Roman, as she described to us how one of the four in-door men servants whom she and her husband keep is engaged to dust the sitting-rooms, another to clean the shoes, another has the exclusive charge of the lamps, and another goes out with the carriage. She said she had suggested an English establishment: but all the relations of the family had risen in arms against innovations; and as the servants were hereditary retainers, it was necessary to

keep the old ones till they died off, and the young ones till they grew up."

The English butler now came in, and announced that a young country woman was in the hall, who said she had been engaged as a servant. He then added, "But, if you please, sir, what are we to do with all this snow that fell last night on the roof of the house? It ought to be thrown down, and I left the people above us to take care of the roof, as they are nearer to it: but there is no room over this one, so I told coachman to go up and just shovel it off: but there was such an outcry amongst all the people in the yard, as if we had been going to set fire to the place. I could not well understand what they said, but they took away the ladder and cried 'Impossibile!' and talked a good deal about Duke Graziolo."

"Quite right," said Mr. Agelthorpe, laughing. "Duke Graziolo has the monopoly of all the snow that falls in Rome, and he alone is permitted to supply the ice-houses with it. If it snows enough to break

in the roof, you may not touch it, lest you should take any for your own use, instead of buying it from his agents."

"I hope, if it does break in the roof, papa, or melt and destroy this pretty painted ceiling, Duke Graziolo will repair it for us," said Mary.

"Not so: it is no part of his obligation to do either," replied her father. "Everything is a monopoly in these countries. Do you not remember, Margaret," he said, addressing his wife, "that the sea water is given over at Naples to some one who has the monopoly of it to make salt; and that when we wanted a jug of water for a bath every morning, we were obliged to promise to pay the fine if our servant was discovered and accused of stealing the water to distil salt from it and of so cheating the monopolist?"

The butler retired, and Rosina soon came in, smiling and curtseying. She kissed the hand of her mistress and of the two young ladies, and then asked what she was to do.

"My maid will tell you," said Mrs. Agel-

thorpe; "but first go to the footman, I mean the Roman servant, Giuseppe, and tell him to go down and see if he can get any fish. I see our landlord's fish carts are just come into the court."

The girl went out; and Giuseppe immediately entered, with a look of wonder and self-satisfaction at the ignorance his English masters had evinced. "Ma, Madama," he exclaimed, "those fish carts are empty. They bring fish from the Duke's lakes down in Campagna, but a custom-house guard goes with them from the gate of Rome to the public auctioneer, who alone has the privilege of selling all fish. The Signor Duca himself cannot have any unless he buys it at the auction, or from the retail fishmongers who buy it there. Per Bacco! the Government charges ten per cent. for selling the fish for him, and does not pay him the balance till many months after."

Mr. Agelthorpe held up his hands with a gesture of vexation. "Who can blame," he cried, "any people who rise to put an end to such a system of abominations!

Morley was quite right. I asked him yesterday how he liked Rome, and he replied, 'Convert as I am, and ultramontane and bigoted as you call me, I have written home to my Catholic Bishop in Scotland and have besought him to have private prayers offered in every chapel in his diocese for the reformation of the Roman temporal government.'"

The Englishman, who was a thorough liberal in politics and an Italian patriot at heart, was in no placid state of mind towards the Roman government, which, after two years of promised reform, still permitted the existence of such fiscal laws, when the butler returned with a written paper which, he said, two Franciscan monks had brought. Mr. Agelthorpe cast his eye over it and then read aloud: "Brother Tommaso is moved by Divine grace to enter the Holy Order of St. Francis. Ten scudi (two pounds sterling) are needed to buy his habit and pay necessary expenses. For these, he applies to the charity of the faithful. Signed, —— Superior of the Monastery of ——."

"Let Brother Tommaso go and earn the ten scudi," exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe, pettishly, and giving back the paper. "Tell them I have nothing for them. Here is, I warrant me," he continued, "a young man well able to work, who finds he has rather a vocation to live in idleness upon the charity of others. What labourer in England would not have the same vocation, if he could so indulge it? These orders of poor monks are excellent. They were necessary to counteract the more exclusive orders into which no one, however saintly, was admitted, unless he were well born and had a rich dower: but they should maintain themselves by labour—not by begging. The necessities of continued labour would be some test of a vocation."

"Do you not think, papa," asked Mary, "that the sight of so many begging monks must have a bad effect upon the people? You know that scarcely a day passes in which we do not receive applications from different convents; and the applicants are satisfied with a piece of five bajocchi—

twopence half-penny—like ordinary beggars."

"Because it is a permanent system of begging," replied her father: "and whatever you give them, they ask if they may not return for the same next week. About six thousand people—monks, clergy, and nuns—live upon alms in Rome. No one can doubt of the bad effect which the sight and the knowledge of this must exercise on the feelings and industrious habits of the people. Those whom they are told most to respect, to look up to as holy people, are beggars—live upon the labour of others: who would not think to excuse himself from labour—who must not feel the spirit of honest independence deadened within him, when he lives in the midst of such a system of idleness? Nay, more: I got into talk yesterday with a fellow, in the habit of one of these confraternities, who asked alms of me in the Piazza di Spagna. He told me that he was no monk: that he contracted to pay the confraternity a certain sum per month for permission to beg in their name;

and that whatever he got over and above his contract, belonged to himself."

"You will scandalize Caroline, if you talk of these matters before her; and she will never become a Catholic," said Mrs. Agelthorpe, aside to her husband, as he strode, excited, up and down the room.

"Caroline has sense enough to understand," replied her husband aloud, "that there may be abuses in every system, which make no part of it; and that all these excrescences no more inculpate the Catholic religion, than the bribery which admitted her harp should condemn all custom-house regulations: neither the begging nor the bribery exist in France—which is a more Catholic country than this. I can, however, give you and her a piece of private information," continued the Englishman. "Pio Nono is so disgusted with this conduct of the religious orders, that he has issued an injunction forbidding any regulars, excepting the Jesuits and nuns, to be professed without the permission and approval of the Bishops of each diocese."

The Agelthorpes were to give a large dinner and ball that evening, at home; and the party hastily dispersed, to make way for those who came to prepare the dining and the drawing-rooms. It is no easy matter to find what ladies call a vacant evening in Rome. So far as society is affected, the natives keep Friday as the English do Sunday, and will not dance on that day. Many of the English will not dance after twelve o'clock on Saturday, and will not dance at all on Sunday evenings: so that but four days remain at Rome, available for dancing.

As Mrs. Agelthorpe had, of course, to invite her English friends on a day that was open to them, much correspondence had taken place between her and the different embassies and Princesses Castellonia and Dorilante, before the ladies could settle their parties, so as not to interfere with one another. All, however, had been, at length, happily arranged. The dinner-table was set out *à la Russe*, in Spillman's best style. The great torch was lighted in the entrance

hall to greet the arrival of Cardinals:—at Rome, ladies pride themselves on the number of Princes of the Church they can collect at their parties. Roman princes and princesses, English lords and ladies, ambassadors and ministers, and all that was necessary to what was called a "diplomatic dinner", poured in, together with our welcome friends, Horace Enderby and the high-spirited, patriotic Marquis Casavecchia. There had been some little delay in waiting for Prince and Princess Del Foro, on which Don Pasquino remarked, "The Prince boasts that he is descended from a hero of the old republican times; and that there never was a Pope of his family; so we must not object to a little delay." But the sturdy old man soon arrived with his smiling wife, and dinner was announced. Mrs. Agelthorpe and a Cardinal walked out first, and seated themselves at one side of the table. Her husband, with the lady whom he led out, placed himself on the opposite side, after the rest of the company had disposed themselves to

the right and the left: and the circulation of the carved dishes was commenced by the attendants.

There had been some contest, such as can be shown in polished society on similar occasions, between Horace Enderby and Marchese Casavecchia, each of whom had wished to hand Mary Agelthorpe into the room; while, if truth must be spoken, her cousin Caroline, who also of the ladies had alone remained undisposed of, showed some little preference for the Piemontese. This exonerated Enderby from any charge of impoliteness in not transferring his services to her so readily as he ought otherwise to have done; though it made Casavecchia's persistence in pressing his arm upon Mary more remarkable. But Italians have a cool self-possession against which no Englishman, however free from insular *mauvaise honte*, can successfully contend; and without word spoken or look that could be objected to, the other two, to say nothing of Mary, were obliged to submit to the resolute politeness of the stranger. Mary, indeed,

was soon so engrossed by the animated and enthusiastic talk of her companion, as he sat next her at table, that she forgot every thing but the varying subject of his conversation. Varied, indeed, that conversation was; though, under different phases, it was still of Italy that they spoke. Casavecchia was an enthusiastic patriot. To drive the Austrians beyond the Alps, to unite Italy in one Italian system of government, this was his dream by night, the object of his exertions by day; and the evident admiration he felt for the young English girl, as she also acknowledged her childish feelings of admiration for the country and the enthusiasm for its independence which her father's opinions and conversation had ever taught her, his evident admiration for her glowed in his eyes and declared itself in many an earnest speech and gentle attention. Caroline watched them from the other side of the table, where she sat beside Horace Enderby; and the latter, without avowing to himself any positive designs upon Mary, felt annoyance at the evident pleasure she

was receiving from the Piemontese. He was, therefore, the less attentive to Caroline, who pouted and spoke disparagingly of England, and had no praise for anything appertaining to Italy or the Italians.

We need not describe the conversation of others of the party. It was constrained, owing to the presence of the Cardinal, and of one or two who were known to be opposed to the new order of things in Rome. For although popular festivities, even popular breakfasts and luncheons, at which princes and people sat down together, and at which nobles and Ciceruacchio acted as masters of ceremony, and exchanged hearty shakes of the hand and fraternal embraces in the exuberance of their joy at the changed prospects of Italy, had taken place; still, in private society, all were not quite of one mind; and courtesy dictated to each the avoidance of irritating topics. All could, indeed, remark upon the warning which the Pope had so recently given about the popular outcry against the Jesuits, and the tumultuary rejoicings that had taken place

in Rome on the occasion of the fall of the Sunderbund Catholic Swiss league.

"I cannot understand your people," said Lord Rangerleigh, a young English Protestant; "you are all Catholics, and yet you rejoice in the loss of your own party, and clamour for the blood of those whom all the world considers to be your most useful friends and zealous propagandists."

"And, Milord," replied the Tuscan minister,(for be it observed that in every mixed society French is the language of all) "and, Milord, it is precisely because they are such zealous priests and teachers that our religious opponents have given them a bad name; and not being able to move our Italians against them on religious ground, have imputed to them political principles—adverse to those now in fashion," he added, with sarcastic restraint.

"Does your Eminence believe that they really do not interfere in the politics of the day?" persisted the Englishman, addressing the Cardinal as one in authority.

"Frankly, I believe that, as a body, they

do no such thing; as a body, I believe them to be rather liberal than otherwise; because, being highly-educated men, they feel that some deference must be paid to public opinion. But do you believe, Milord, that all these disgraceful outcries and popular movements in Rome are uninspired by the master hand that pulls the wires, and directs the puppets to utter words of which they do not know the meaning?"

"How means your Eminence?" asked Lord Dungarron; exchanging, while he spoke, a fond glance across the table with his pretty bride, Lady Emilia.

"Laying aside all party inclinations, whether white or black," said the Cardinal, smiling, "I will tell you that which is a fact; we have been assured, by the police in Paris, that they have discovered, from intercepted letters, that Mazzini and his friends have sent emissaries to Italy with instructions to join in every popular enthusiasm, whether in favour of Carlo Alberto of Piemont, or Pius the Ninth; so as to put themselves at the head of the movement,

and lead it beyond the control of the sovereign; and, here in Rome especially, they are instructed to win over that fellow Ciceruacchio; and to change him, from the good, ignorant, religious blackguard that he has always been, into a political leader; to give him aspirations for Roman glory and liberty, of which he never dreamed before, and which he cannot understand."

"They assure me," said Count Rossi, the French ambassador, "that during those strange Roman rejoicings for the ruin of the Catholic party in Switzerland, one was there who suggested the cry of 'Death to the Jesuits! Viva la Bolla di Ganganelli!' —meaning, of course, the Bull of Pope Ganganelli, (Clement XIV), which suppressed the order of the Jesuits in the last century. Ciceruacchio and the mob knew nothing of all this, but caught up what sounded like the cry of their fugleman, and shouted, with all their throats, 'Death to the Jesuits. Viva la *Moglie*, the wife of Ganganelli!'— 'Viva la bolla, the bull of Ganganelli!' cried the fuglemen. 'Viva la Moglie, the wife

of Pope Ganganelli!" persisted the crowd, echoing, as they thought, the word."

"Echoing à l'Irlandaise," observed Horace Enderby, aside to Caroline: "in Ireland, you know, when one cries 'How do you do?' the echo answers 'Very well, thank you.'"

Several of the company corroborated the French ambassador's statement of the intelligence which dictated the exclamations of the Roman rabble.

"Why, the other day," said Princess Dorilante, "I was told that they were howling out 'Viva Gioberti!' in honour of the author of the book against the modern Jesuits, when, as they passed through the Campo Marzo and saw the name Giberti over a tailor's shop, they wisely settled that this was the man they were cheering, and obliged the little tailor to come out on his balcony and make them a speech."

All laughed at this story of the Princess, as they rose from table, and returned to the drawing-rooms. Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe observed to the French ambassador: "We must remember one thing; however igno-

rant these people may be, they are what the Roman government has made them. It has had the undisputed education and training of its people for centuries. For my part, I own that I doubt whether it will do credit to its schooling."

And now the lights were lighted, and those splendid saloons began to be filled. Romans and strangers of every country, such as constitute the society of Rome (and amongst whom English, of course, predominated) congregated in little knots according to their several nationalities and coteries; and, as must always be the case where Italian ladies meet together in high spirits, the clatter of voices began to be deafening. A French lady once said to the author of the immortal fables, "Monsieur de la Fontaine, vous seriez bien bête si on ne vous connaissait pas tant d'esprit." So the loud voices and violent gesticulation of Roman ladies would certainly be very vulgar, if one did not know them to be so high-born and refined. There was, indeed, cause for more than usual excitement. The

sovereign had fulfilled the pledge given in his recent proclamation: a new ministry had been formed, and had been announced in the course of that evening. A lay ministry had been organized for the first time since the Popes had governed Rome. Prince Conti, Don Vincent Colonna, Count Pasolini, the lawyer Sturbinetti, had replaced as many cardinals and prelates; and the owner of the Agelthorpes' home, Don Michelangelo Caetani, Prince of Teano, was appointed minister of police, in the place of that Monseignor Savelli, who, thoroughly illiberal himself, had been courting the mob, in the hope of controlling the more respectable classes; and who was said to have organized the already-fearful Popular Club as a check to the exclusive Circolo Romano, where the gentry alone met.

Great joy, therefore, amongst the Romans in Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe's drawing-rooms! The ecclesiastical power had been obliged to give way. The government was in the hands of laymen. The gentry had recovered their own again. It may well be

imagined that all, except the cardinals and prelates whose order had been so quietly set aside, were in high spirits, and confident of winning the goal at length open to the ambition of all. The elders talked politics or played at whist; the younger of the assembly danced or flirted, or spouted verses about the independence of Italy.

"So it but tend to THAT," said Casavecchia to Mary: "this or any other change is welcome."

Miss Agelthorpe had just snubbed one of her inferior devoted admirers, and was leaning thoughtfully against a marble console in the second drawing-room. She had been rather discomposed, for that she had not been seated as she wished to be at dinner; but she had since exerted herself, with her cousin Mary, to find partners for the young girls who had none to dance with them, and had now withdrawn hither for a moment's rest and reflection. The conduct of Prince Raffaelli puzzled and also annoyed her: he had sought to be introduced to Mary at the Cardinal's, where they had

first met, and had since paid occasional attentions to herself. Yet she fancied that he preferred Mary: and she would not interfere with her cousin. He and most of the other young men of family were now in her aunt's drawing-rooms; and were, of course, most attentive and obsequious. But her brain was a methodical one in its own small way. She grudged the time that was being lost, and wished to make to herself some rule of conduct,—some definite object to be striven for. While abstracted in such considerations, a young officer of the Pope's noble guard came up and doubtfully asked her to dance. She bowed coldly, and said that she had been obliged to decline dancing with Count Bonnetti, as she was engaged. The young man fell back abashed.

"No," said Caroline to herself, "I will not dance with these guardia-nobili! What is their small gentility and their splendid uniform to me?—it only proves that they are nobodies."

"Good evening, Miss Agelthorpe," said Mr. Ollier, greeting her. "Prince and

Princess Castellonia are coming in with my friend the Duke Visconti Augustiniani."

She took the old gentleman's outstretched hand abstractedly, and he gazed at her as she made him no answer. We have already noted that she had a habit of murmuring her thoughts to herself: and he was not sorry to hear her thus repeat his words, as she dropped his hand, "Duke Visconti Augustiniani. They all seek me for my money. He will do as well as another."

"He will do much better than any other, my dear," responded Mr. Ollier: "he is one of the first grandees of Italy."

The young lady blushed crimson at finding that she had betrayed herself, even to so old a family friend; but her heightened colour only made her look more beautiful, as she went forwards to receive Princess Castellonia. They had exchanged but a few sentences, when Visconti Augustiniani rejoined the princess, and was introduced, in due form, to the English heiress.

"I have done myself the honour," he

said, "of following the Signorina since you first arrived in Rome, and of wishing to be presented to you."

"Except on the first evening," interposed Mrs. Agelthorpe tartly, as she also came up, seeking her niece; "except on the first evening, Signor Duca. I observed your rudeness at that time," she added more playfully, as he was about to exculpate himself.

"Tell me, my dear Madame," said Princess Castellonia with earnestness, drawing that lady aside, and leaving the two young people to converse together, "pray tell me, is Mademoiselle your daughter or your niece?"

"She is my niece."

"But the family name is the same," suggested the princess.

"Not quite," replied the English lady, smiling: for she already understood the cause of the Roman's anxiety: "the family name is the same, but I am Madame Middleton Agelthorpe."

"Why so? What is the difference?"

"Because my husband was the younger brother: just as in Rome the elder brother may be Duca Del Corso, and the younger brother Don Clemente Del Corso."

"Then who is the other young lady?"

"She is my daughter: Miss Mary Agelthorpe."

"Your niece is noble, of course?" asked the princess with some hesitation.

"Certainly—according to your ideas and usages. We are not of a peer's family; and those alone we call nobles in England, although the birth of many of them would prevent them ranking amongst the *noblesse* of the continent; but we ourselves are of the old landed gentry: and if we were foreigners, we should have titles, or be called after our estates. The word *noble* abroad only means to denote our English class of landed gentry; and the 'de' which is prefixed to the names of all the noblesse in France, even without any title, only tells the name of the estate."

"I understand," said the princess quickly: "so that," she added, "if you were French

or Italian, you would be Madame de Agelthorpe."

"Yes; and the elder brother would be Duc or Marquis De Agelthorpe, as that happens to be the name of one of our estates."

"Mademoiselle your niece is very rich, is she not?" asked the Roman lady earnestly.

"Yes, she will have a considerable inheritance."

"I take a great interest in poor Augustiniani," said Princess Castellonia, after a moment's pause: "you know his father was my near relation. It is a *bel nome*—one of the first names in Italy. The young man is very amiable. I hope he will succeed in his law-suit."

"For his own sake, I hope he will," answered Mrs. Agelthorpe drily, as she gladly made way for Lady Dunkeld, who was bustling up to the princess with a manner of assumed intimacy, which she intended all the English to see, while it should make the Romans think that her position

in her own country really entitled her to be a patroness or dictator amongst them.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Agelthorpe had observed that Prince Del Foro was deeply engrossed in the study of some volumes that he was turning anxiously over at a table in the yellow drawing-room; and accosting him, asked what he had found so interesting.

"It is a novel about Italy, I believe by your Bulwer," answered the Prince,—although, in fact, the work was not by that celebrated writer. "He has brought in my family in his history. He was very wrong."

"Oh, do you recognize that personage amongst your ancestry?" exclaimed Middleton, looking to the page he indicated. "I had forgotten all about it," he added with some hesitation, as he remembered that the character, given by the novelist to the person whom the Prince claimed as his ancestor, was by no means flattering.

"It was very wrong of your author," continued the Prince, sternly, "to make

game of a noble name. I know he got his idea from Guicciardini; but Guicciardini was a false historian. My ancestor was a very different man from this."

Mr. Agelthorpe tried to mollify him by reminding him that all play writers and novel writers took liberties with the characters of personages who had lived three or four hundred years ago. "Consider," he said, "how many historical reputations Walter Scott has modified according to his purpose."

"If," exclaimed the fine old man, "if Walter Scott had so made game of the ancestor of an English noble family, he would have been put in prison by your Government."

"Most of our English noble families," replied Agelthorpe, laughing at the idea, "would be much obliged to any author who could show that they had an ancestor in existence three or four hundred years ago."

"There," said Mr. Ollier to Middleton, as the latter left the Prince to his studies,

"there we have a sample of the capability of these Roman laymen to organize and carry on a constitutional government. They think themselves quite equal to it: and yet I overheard his assertion that, in a constitutional and free country, an author like Walter Scott ought to be, and would be, imprisoned for writing disrespectfully of some one who had died three or four centuries ago!"

"They will learn better in time," said Agelthorpe.

"I don't believe it. They are oligarchs to the backbone," insisted Mr. Ollier; "they have been dandled and swathed and nursed in the sentiments of oligarchy for the last thousand years."

Meanwhile, the dancing went on amongst the younger people with such interest and incidents, such heartburnings, and disappointments and anxieties as ever constitute the chief enjoyment in every ball-room. The two cousins were, as a matter of course in their own house, surrounded by eager aspirants for their hands: but the

more serious devotion that was evidently felt towards them by many, was beyond a mere matter of course. The Piemontese, Casavecchia, and Horace Enderby were evidently serious rivals for the favour of Mary: while Duke Augustiniani and young Lord Rangerleigh, as evidently devoted themselves to Caroline. These four seemed to know what they were about: but there was a band of not less zealous devotees who flitted round them both, perplexed and eager. Prince Raffaelli and Duke Quattromali were conspicuous at the head of these. They had heard that one of the cousins was very rich: and unable to ascertain positively which of the two was the heiress, they flitted from one to the other, fearful of committing themselves to either. The conduct of their own countrymen puzzled them still more. Casavecchia was believed not to be a wealthy man, so they took it for granted that he was courting the heiress: Visconti Augustiniani was pretty certain of recovering a great property, so they thought it probable that he was indulging his fancy

in flirting with the pretty but portionless Caroline. Their uncertainties and changes from the one to the other afforded the greatest amusement to Don Pasquino and the satirists of their own nation, who watched them with a full appreciation of their designs. There doubtless might be fortune hunters also amongst the English young men present: but they, at all events, understood the circumstances of the cousins and did not compromise themselves.

To the young ladies, the result was very amusing and very delightful. The homage of the many, whom we need not more particularly describe, was gratifying and useful, as it secured to them plenty of partners at every ball: while the more devoted attentions of those whom we have mentioned by name, had a deeper interest to their young minds. Caroline could not but contrast the polished and evidently real attachment of the handsome young Lord Rangerleigh with the more heavy and businesslike suit of Duke Augustiniani: she contrasted them and coolly weighed, in her own mind, the

advantages which each could offer her—the position of the Irish Baron with that of the Roman Prince: the unknown country house of the one, with the splendid residences and hereditary connexions of the other. Coolly and methodically, she considered the matter in every aspect; while her pretty features assumed a more thoughtful expression, and settled themselves into a more sweet if not frigid immovability. To Mary, the effect of all that occurred around her was totally different: if she enjoyed the society of either of her two more particular admirers, Casavecchia or Horace Enderby, she did not think of them in reference to their views upon herself. They were delightful companions—friends in whose minds and aspirations she felt deeply interested. Both were enthusiasts in the cause of the regeneration of Italy, which so many thought was then at hand: Horace, for the sake of the people and religion; Casavecchia for his country's sake; for the sake of his own ambition; for the sake of every Italian man who

pined without an object in life; for the sake of that career which would be opened to all whenever those fair provinces, now enslaved by Austria, should be restored to Italy, and Italy should be united within itself. Both were enthusiasts for Pio Nono, as the originator of those reforms from which they all hoped. For his own sovereign, Carlo Alberto, Casavecchia could scarcely express the extent of his devotion: he declared that he had the honour of a gentleman and the soul of a patriot, and that time would prove him to have, moreover, all the other qualities of a hero.

"You seem to think nothing of Mazzini and of his republican schemes," observed Mary, after he had been thus descanting in his own enthusiastic strain.

"Mazzini!" he exclaimed: "Mazzini is a charlatan—a weak-minded dreamer of classical impossibilities, who would sacrifice that which is within our reach to the working out of his own cold theories; and who would play the Brutus, if he were not permitted to be himself Cæsar. Mazzini is

well understood by all intelligent Italians; those who cling to him are either deluded by his fine-sounding phrases of republican virtue, or have the souls of assassins, and feel, intuitively, that Mazzini will appeal to assassination, when he discovers that Italy can neither be governed nor defended by the antiquated heroics of a schoolboy. No, no; we Piemontese are quite aware that the hope of Italy is in union with ourselves and with our native princes; and that reforms can only be brought about with them and through them."

"Viva Pio Nono!" exclaimed Mary enthusiastically.

"Viva Pio Nono and Italy!" repeated Casavecchia and Horace Enderby.

## CHAPTER VI.

But when, at length, Despotic Rule has learned
The warning lesson 'twill ere long be taught,
Then be that double-headed eagle spurned,—
A bird obscene, then be it rudely brought
Forth from the tents of liberated man,
And with triumphant jeers and curses slain.

For the first time in the history of Papal Rome, a ministry composed of laymen had been appointed; and yet, by a strange anomaly, laymen were excluded from the commission named at the same time, to consider of needful reforms. But the Romans were satisfied for the present, and the work of rejoicing went on. Piemont, Naples, and Sicily had obtained constitutional systems; and Pio Nono was beloved and trusted.

It was the evening following that on which the lay ministry had been formed; and as Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe and his

family passed through the splendid saloons of their apartment in Palazzo Sermoneta, he paused to look at the portraits of the five cardinals and two popes whom that noble family had given to the world. He paused, and pondered the events which made its present representative lay minister of police under a system which, whatever the vicissitudes of their own reign, neither of his enthroned ancestors could have imagined would ever emanate from the Vatican. There was Gelasius, whose short reign, seven hundred years before, had been a continued contest with his own subjects, and with the German emperor, to escape whom, he fled on board his galleys; and, in the midst of a shower of arrows, descended the Tiber to take refuge in his ancestral seat of Gaeta; the meek looking old man was painted with a gold fillet twined around his gray locks, though it was he who invented the triple crown adopted by all his successors. There was the portrait of Boniface the Eighth, who imprisoned his saintly predecessor after he had abdicated the Pope-

dom; who invented the centenary jubilee in the year 1300; who contended with emperors and kings; and passed his reign in a perpetual contest with his Ghibelline rivals, the Colonna; there was Boniface, who had, at length, died a broken-hearted prisoner in their hands; there was his portrait, wearing that splendid ring which is said to have been on his finger when he was buried, though modern resurrectionists, not finding it there, tell us mysteriously that the tomb was opened during the Pontificate of Paul the Fifth (Borghesius), and that the Borghese family now possess a ring exactly similar to the one they had sought. There were busts of heroes who had commanded at Lepanto, and portraits of five cardinals of the same noble family; and "there", thought Middleton Agelthorpe as he cordially greeted his landlord on the stairs—"there goes the talented and most witty representative of them all, to maintain, as minister of police, that peace which the wars of his ancestors set at nought, and to administer the laws of his country, while

churchmen alone have a voice in deciding what those laws shall be! It cannot last long! It cannot, in the present temper of the world, last many weeks. Nous verrons! En voiture, Madame."

There was a small party that evening at the residence of Princess Del Borgo; who threw open her beautiful apartments in the most handsome palace in Rome, to a select circle of friends. Few English people were invited; and the Agelthorpes were received with marked distinction. Princess Castellonia was of the company, and immediately came forward. Exclaiming "Ma chère Caroline!" she fondly pressed the hand of the heiress, and drew her to a seat beside herself. It were difficult to do justice to the kindness of her manner, as she talked to her of Rome, and of her kinsman Visconti Augustiniani. Another Roman princess, who had a remarkably plain daughter with her, could not conceal the annoyance she felt at the prospect of this new foreigner securing another of the desirable Roman young men. They were all talking of the

Roman climate:—"the pleasantest time in Rome," said this lady, "is after Easter, when we have it all to ourselves."

"But the season then begins to be unhealthy," observed Mr. Agelthorpe; "surely, Princess, you would dread the malaria?"

"The malaria is an idea of the English," answered the Princess; "we never thought of it until they came so much amongst us. Before that time, we Romans used to remain in Rome until the vintage."

"But can the English be mistaken in such a matter? Even the elevated situation of the Villa Dorilante does not preserve it from the malaria after June."

"Eh! Princess Dorilante is an Englishwoman; how should she know any better?" exclaimed old Princess Rustifusti.

"Surely you do not still consider her an Englishwoman?" asked Mrs. Agelthorpe. "She was educated in Italy, and has been married to one of yourselves for the last ten years."

"Eh, she is not one of us, nevertheless!" persisted the old Princess, shrugging her shoulders. "She is an Englishwoman."

"A pleasant berth English girls who marry Romans must have amongst you, since your national feeling is evidently so insurmountably strong against them!" thought the English lady to herself.

"It is curious," observed Princess Sciarra-Colonna, "it is curious that the English, who fear the malaria so much, should always settle themselves near the Porta del Popolo, which is the most unhealthy quarter in all Rome. In our parts of Rome, from my house to the Palazzo Sermoneta, for example, we have no malaria at any season of the year."

"Because the locality is thickly inhabited," said a Roman. "Thus the Jews' quarter, the Ghetto, is not the most cleanly in Rome, but malaria fever was never known in it."

"I believe that my landlord," observed Mr. Agelthorpe, "often spends the whole summer in his palace in Rome. What a fine old family his is! I was looking at the portraits just before I came here. Few in Europe can compare dates with the Colonna and the Caetani."

"The Popes made the Caetani," answered Princess Sciarra Colonna, smartly:—"the Popes made the Caetani; the Colonna made the Popes."

"Nay, there were only two Caetani Popes against one Colonna," said the Englishman. "I admit, however," he added, laughing, "I admit, that the Colonna worried the life out of a good many of them."

"What was the first origin of the Colonna?" asked Princess Castellonia, mildly.

"They first appeared as great Barons about eight hundred years ago," answered Agelthorpe.

"Oh, my dear," interposed Princess Sciarra Colonna, thinking, perhaps, that she had paid her husband's family too great a compliment in the way in which she had contrasted it with the Caetani, "Oh, my dear, the first Colonna was a little beggar boy. He used to ask for bajocchi in the streets of Rome."

"Very likely," said Princess Castellonia, mildly; "we must all have had the same origin once."

The conversation and the evening went pleasantly on in those rooms, decorated with choice paintings by the old masters, which it was a luxury to study, the while one sipped ices, and enjoyed the well-warmed and brilliantly-illuminated atmosphere. There had been a great difficulty in obtaining wax candles at this time in Rome; for the manufacture was a monopoly in the hands of a nobleman, who had neither energy nor capital enough to meet the demand for them; but all was here cheerful and bright; and our friends returned home delighted. But a gush of cold wind met them as they ascended the stairs to their own apartment, and the moon shone cold and bright upon the wide stone steps through those immense openings, unchequered by the small panes of glass that usually filled them. Mr. Agelthorpe sent down his footman to inquire of the porter, what had become of the window sashes; and learned, with some surprise, that they had been sent to the glazier to be repaired.

"Our landlord," he said, "has early

begun to smarten up his house on the strength of being appointed minister of police!"

No such thing. It was the Romans who gave a hint to the new minister of police, that he should not be too severe upon them. The windows were not brought back; and all that was learned of them was, that some men, dressed as glaziers, had told the porter that the prince had sent them to repair the staircase sashes; that they had taken them out of the frames, and had carried them away.

"They were so old and broken, that they were not worth the labour," said the porter. "It was evidently done as a joke against Don Michelangelo."*

But such hints were not needed to temper the severity of the new minister. The whole country was disorganized, and he had not the power to prevent breaches of the peace. The constant processions, public meetings, and rejoicings in Rome had unsettled the

* A fact.

inhabitants, and put a stop to all regular industry in the capital. Anxiety for the reforms so long promised, and ever delayed; and dread of Austria, which was known to be pouring fresh troops across the Alps for the repression of Italy—these kept all men in a state of turbid anxiety, and paralysed every attempt of a powerless ministry.

In the midst of all these intestine worries, Rome and the world was startled by the news of the sudden revolution in Paris. Louis Philippe, the Nestor of politicians, was an exile; a republic was proclaimed and established throughout France. Here was a new cause for street rejoicings in Rome; and public prayers for the souls of the republicans killed in the streets of Paris, must testify to the sympathy of Rome! How prudent men then congratulated themselves that the Pope was a reformer! How even the Cardinals trembled as they thought what would have been the condition of their country if such news had arrived there during the Pontificate of Gregory the Sixteenth! A fresh change in the ministry

was proclaimed, to meet the greater demands of public opinion. Prince Rospigliosi was made commander of the Civic Guard; the high-souled Aldobrandini minister of war; and although Cardinal Antonelli was again named president of the council, Galetti, a man known only for the violence of his revolutionary opinions, was made to supersede Prince Caetani in the police, in the hope that he might be able to control the already-fearful Roman mob.

But, better than any change of ministry, the constitution was, at length, proclaimed. His Holiness had intended, said the preamble, "to call together only consulting representatives, who might assist his government with advice; but, since his neighbours had thought their people sufficiently ripe to enjoy the benefits of a deliberative representation, he would not entertain a less opinion of his own subjects, nor less trust in their gratitude to the Church, and the Apostolic throne, which had ever been to them the source of immense good."

It little imports to our purpose to record

here what were the provisions of the statute law or constitution thus promulgated on the 14th of March 1848, with, as the preamble stated, the unanimous assent of the assembled Cardinals. Enough for us, that it was received with universal acclamations throughout the Papal States. Rejoicings, processions, banners, and hymns to Pio Nono disturbed the streets and rent the air of Rome. Again and again the people moved to the Quirinal palace; and again and again the Pope came forth to the accustomed balcony, and imparted his blessing to the multitude. But the cries against the Jesuits increased, for they had been banished with much cruelty from Naples; and the Pontiff made deprecatory speeches, and published warning proclamations.

"The good Pope shows himself too much," observed Middleton Agelthorpe; "he is too frequently heard and seen. He does not know how—

> '— to keep his person fresh and new:
> His presence, like a robe pontifical,
> Ne'er seen but wondered at.'"

The new government, however, did its best. It regulated the ruinous state of the finances; it removed objectionable officials; it called the Piemontese general, Durando, to counsel on the affairs of the army; and it gratified the ultra-liberal feeling of the people, by ordering that the pontifical banners should be surrounded with tricolor fringes.

But anon another revolution came "to fright the world from its propriety", and hurry on events to some unknown goal. Rome heard of an outbreak at Vienna; heard, even, that the imperial family was expelled, and a republic proclaimed in Austria as at Paris. Then, indeed, was tumultuous rejoicing, such as Rome had never before seen. Their old enemy,—the ancestral, the hereditary enemy of Rome and of Italy, was at once laid low. Who would not join in the triumph? Every church bell in Rome rang forth its joyful peal. Every tower spread forth its banner to the winds. Every balcony was hung with tapestry. Every street was strewed with

flowers. Bonfires and artificial fireworks illumined the sky. Princes and people thronged the streets, and rejoiced together. If ever there was a national festival, national and universal was the one that now gladdened Rome.

"To the Piazza di Venezia!" "To the Austrian legation!" shouted Ciceruacchio: and the mob heard the voice of its leader, and rushed down the crowded Corso. Darkly frowned the castellated walls of the old doge's palace—possessed by Austria since it has possessed Venice: darkly they frowned upon the rushing mob, that howled and danced and brandished rude weapons around them.

"Death to the Austrians!" "Death to Count Lutzow!"—the ambassador—shouted the angry and triumphant multitude. The great gates at the palace were closed. The rabble at Rome was seldom as blood-thirsty as its cries imported. The great shields, bearing the armorial quarterings of Austria, hung serenely over the doorway of the palace.

"Down with the black eagles!" "Down with the Germans!" shouted Ciceruacchio.

A ladder was quickly placed against the wall: and the broad wooden shields clattered upon the pavement. Rotten eggs, cabbage stalks, and mud flew from every side upon the prostrate badge of dominion. Then, as they dragged the broad shields along the Corso, two or three of the mob would jump upon them at a time, and leap and dance round and round upon the boards, amid laughter and jeers and grinning and gnashing of teeth; while many of the civic guard rushed from their sentry boxes or quarters, and thrust with their bayonets, or slashed with their swords, at the heads and breasts of the bird of Austria.

"Death to the Croats!" "To the devil with the Germans!" "At them! Have at them!" shouted the infuriated populace.

But the shields could not, unbroken, endure such rough usage, and they began to fall to pieces. This did not suit Roman popular justice: not a bit of them was to

be lost. A jackass with its paniers was passing by. Instantly they seized upon the poor brute, and loaded it with the emblems of Austrian rule. Some caught it by the tail, and others by the head; while, amid the usual shouts and imprecations, they hurried it forward.

At the Piazza del Popolo, straw and other fuel was quickly got together: the painted boards were thrown upon them, and fire was applied: and crackling, sparkling, and bright-brilliant was the flame that rose aloft. The rabble danced around, like American savages circling a conquered enemy. They danced and shouted, and trampled upon the dying embers.

"Romans!" cried a laughing orator, as he leapt upon the pedestal of the obelisk: "Romans! it behoves you now to kill that jackass. Having carried the imperial eagles, it is infamous and excommunicated!"

"No, Romans; brave Romans, no!" expostulated the owner of the donkey; "he must not be killed: he is, I assure you, he is an Italian jackass—Italian to the backbone."

"Bravo!" cried Ciceruacchio: "his blood is Italian! His blood is sacred! Take him to the Tiber, and give him a good soaping, so that he may be cleansed from imperial contamination."

Middleton Agelthorpe hurried home to tell his wife and daughters what had chanced. He was accompanied by Casavecchia; and they both laughed exceedingly as they narrated the adventure of the Austrian arms and the donkey.

"I do not like it," said Casavecchia recovering himself; "it is ignoble. Such conduct is unworthy of Italy. The triumph of Italy over Austria should be differently celebrated."

"No! no!" exclaimed Mary enthusiastically; "it is all right, and capital fun! Viva Italy, and down with Austria! say I. Would that I could have seen the sport!"

"I do so hate despotism," said the Englishman, "that I fear I welcome too readily, and enjoy too heartily, every check it receives."

"It is a fault on the right side," said

Casavecchia; "but perhaps I feel like a soldier."

"And we, too, feel like soldiers!" exclaimed Mary playfully. "Would we not march against the Austrians if we were Italians? Would we not do anything to put down so spiteful a dominion in Italy, and to drive them back into their own country?"

"You redouble my martial ardour, Mademoiselle," said Casavecchia gallantly. "I shall march from Rome with the spirit of a hero, caught from you."

"Do you expect to go soon?" asked the young girl thoughtfully.

"The king has desired me to wait here only to see whether these Romans will decide to give us any reinforcements or not."

Horace Enderby and Lord Rangerleigh were now announced. Mrs. Agelthorpe and her niece came from an inner drawing-room. The conversation took another turn —more interesting, perhaps, to the younger members of the party; but we may leave the purport of it, or, at least, the innendoes and the expressions which gave it life and

soul, and charms to their young hearts—we may leave all these to be supplied by the imagination or the memory of our readers.

Early on the following morning, old Lord Rockford called, and expressed a wish to see Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe in private.

"I could not come to your lady's dance the other evening," he said: "I am too old for such follies; but I come now to tell you, that a certain monsignore called at my lodgings three times yesterday and once more this morning. He found me at breakfast, and asked me if I knew you, and whether you had not a daughter, and whether I would interest myself in getting up a marriage between her and a friend of his. I replied, 'Monsignore, I do know Mr. Middleton Agelthorpe, and I do know that he has a daughter; but I will not interest myself in any matter like that you mention. But I will do this much for you: I will go to her father, and ask him whether he has any insuperable objection to the young lady's marrying an Italian, and I will bring you

his answer.' So I have left my friend," continued his lordship, talking himself out of breath: "I have left him in my room; and I am come to ask you to say 'Yes' or 'No'; I do not care which: and I will not take any other answer."

Mr. Agelthorpe smiled. "You are a most discreet diplomatist, my lord," he said; "and I quite approve your determination not to involve yourself in such matters. My reply is, that I have no insuperable objection to see my daughter married to a foreigner, if he be acceptable in other respects."

"That will do. I do not want to hear any more; but must hasten back to my friend," replied his lordship: and after talking for two hours longer about Poland and Queen Elizabeth, the good-natured old man hurried away.

In the afternoon of that day, a Monsignore Albini was announced; and Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Agelthorpe met him, as usual on such occasions, in the outer green drawing-room. He was a most re-

spectable-looking, middle-aged man, with all the bearing of a dignified ecclesiastic. He introduced himself by naming his friend, Lord Rockford; and talked pleasantly for some while on the various topics of the conversation of the day. He then launched forth into the highest praises of Prince Raffaelli, whom he said he had known from his birth; and declared him to be a most religious and admirable young man. Then, checking himself with an amiable smile, he said, "I presume your Signoria knows the purport with which I have done myself the honour of making this visit?"

Middleton Agelthorpe shrugged his shoulders, Italian fashion.

"My young friend," pursued the monsignore, "my young friend, Prince Raffaelli —I do not wish to cry up the goods I would dispose of—but, in truth, the prince is an excellent young man. His family, as your Signoria must be aware, is of the old Roman princely stock, and he has a fine fortune and an excellent palace, though somewhat dilapidated. You have a daughter, Monsieur Agelthorpe?"

The Englishman bowed assent, while his wife silently and steadily continued to ply her needle in her embroidery frame.

"Prince Raffaelli," resumed the prelate, "has had the honour of becoming acquainted with the Signorina; and all his family think that a marriage with her would be very desirable."

"I am very much obliged to them," observed Middleton Agelthorpe coolly.

"You are aware," continued Monsignore Albini, "that it is not etiquette for me to allude to such a matter; but I am very anxious for this match; and you will, perhaps, excuse me when I say that my young friend, the Prince, thinks the Signorina very nice looking—tanto gentile!—tanto graziosa!"

Again Middleton Agelthorpe bowed.

"I may, in fact, add," persisted the diplomatist, "that he raves about her, and is quite—quite innamorato. I ought not to say this, I am aware; but he is very young, and has permitted his feelings to outstrip his discretion. But I am convinced that

persons of honour, like your Signorie, will not take any unfair advantage of my admission, in proposing the conditions."

"All this, Monsignore, is very flattering to us," replied Agelthorpe, exchanging a smile with his wife; "but there is one little matter that must first be considered. I know not what our daughter may say to the proposal you do us the honour of making."

"Without a doubt, it is most proper that the Signorina should be consulted," observed Monsignore Albini; "and as I have committed myself so far already, by owning the passion of my young friend, perhaps Madama will excuse me if I entreat her to speak to the Signorina at once: that I may convey back an answer, and secure the happiness of the Prince."

Mrs. Agelthorpe silently left the room. She came back after a few minutes, and said to her husband, in English, "Mary will not hear of it."

"Does the foolish girl really mean to refuse him? It would be a great pity!" exclaimed the father.

"She is positive: she dislikes him, and says she does not believe a word of his professions," replied Mrs. Agelthorpe.

These observations were carried on in English between the parents, while the poor Monsignore, unable to understand what they said, turned from the one to the other, his anxiety painted on his every feature. He was still more deeply pained when Mr. Agelthorpe addressed him in Italian, and told him that his daughter felt there could be no "simpatia" between them, and declined to entertain the proposal.

"How!" exclaimed Monsignore Albini, "how is it possible that such a bel giovane should be antipatico to any young lady? It would have been such a beautiful alliance!" he exclaimed. "And the wealth of the Signorina would have reestablished the fortunes of the Raffaelli family!"

"Her wealth, Monsignore!" observed Mr. Agelthorpe. "You have been misled. My daughter will bring no great wealth to her husband."

"Is she not a great heiress?" exclaimed the prelate.

"Far from it," replied her father quietly; "it is my niece of whom you have heard as the heiress."

"But I mean the Signorina Maria; la biondina with the ringlets. It is of her of whom the prince raves," insisted Monsignore Albini. "Surely I have not made a mistake?"

"You have made no mistake, Monsignore," replied the father laughing; "but I suspect your friend, the Prince, has. The Signorina Maria with the ringlets is my daughter: and is not a great heiress."

"Then who, pardon me, who is the heiress of whom all Rome talks?" asked the prelate.

"Probably you allude to our niece, Miss Agelthorpe," replied the elderly lady, laying down her embroidery, and putting her handkerchief up to her eyes to conceal her laughter.

"It is very unfortunate!" exclaimed the canon. "But, Maria Santissima! can we not amend it? The mistake was most unfortunate! May I not be permitted to

make the same proposals for the hand of the Signorina your niece ?"

" What ! when the poor Prince is dying of love of ' la Signorina Maria,—la biondina with the ringlets' ?" asked Mrs. Agelthorpe, now laughing openly, and without any attempt at concealment.

" Monsignore Albini, I have the honour to wish you a good afternoon. I think our conference is ended," said Mr. Agelthorpe, rising and ringing the bell.

With every imaginable expression of respect and regret, and honour and hope, and esteem and reverence, the prelate backed out of the room ; and, almost at the same moment, Caroline and Mary ran in from the yellow drawing-room, clapping their hands with glee, and asking what could be the cause of Mrs. Agelthorpe's merriment, the sound of which had reached them where they sat.

" Dearest Carry !" exclaimed Mary, when all had been explained to her, " I am so sorry for the mistake ! If I had known that it was you or your dower he was wor-

shipping, I would have accepted him at once; we could have put your name in the contract, and all would have gone on and no questions asked."

"It may be rare sport to you," said Caroline pettishly: "but, depend upon it, Roman princes are not to be had every day."

"No: not at least by 'quella biondina with the ringlets'—without a dower," Mary saucily replied, as she shook her pretty curls, and began dancing round the room to the tune of the hymn of Pio Nono.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Still earthly pride and meanness fade away,
For pride and meanness to succeed them." So
Some love to teach. But 'twere as true to say,
How noble hearts with noble feelings glow:
Bless and are blest the while on earth they stay:
And give their place to others when they go.
Methinks we ill requite God's care for man,
To paint this world as evil as we can.

THE gaieties that ushered in the Roman Carnival, and had been so delightful to the cousins, who had made their début therein, were now no more. The foreign embassies had opened their apartments with the usual liberality of their governments; the half dozen Romans who received, had also magnificently entertained the rest, who never thought of making any return; the English visitors of the season had eaten and danced amongst themselves—with that commercial honesty of a *nation boutiquière*, scrupulously

attentive to give dinner for dinner, and dance for dance. About half a score second-rate Roman young men, whom they, of course, thought the *élite* of the princedom —had, without their families, partaken the amusements of the foreigners, and had flirted with English girls. Of the three native young ladies who usually went into society, one was engaged to be married to a man old enough to be her father, one was verging rapidly towards old-maidenhood or a convent, and the other was heart-broken, because a quarrel of her parents about her dower had broken off her engagement with one who was really attached to her.

"I am so rejoiced," said Duke Quattromali, one day to Caroline. "I have had such an escape! You know that her parents thought it time to marry little Princess Theresina, and selected six of the most desirable young men in Rome, out of whom she was to choose a husband. I was put down as a candidate with the others. Her choice was to be made yesterday, on her seventeenth birthday. I am almost sure she

had seen them all, and she was suspected to be attached to one of them. However, she very wisely chose the highest in rank and fortune, and I escaped. Congratulate me!"

"I believe, on the contrary, that you are much mortified," replied Caroline. "Why did you enter the lists, if you did not wish to win?"

"My consent was not asked. Her parents knew that I could not refuse such a nice girl, and so good a match."

The evening amusements of society, and the popular festivities of the Corso during the Carnival had together passed away. Like the rest of the world, the Agelthorpes had paraded the Corso in their carriage during the last three days, and had expended many a quart of plaster sugar plums in pelting their acquaintances, while Caroline and Mary were half buried, in return, beneath the real bonbons and the bouquets of flowers showered down upon them by their friends; like the rest of the world, they had retreated to some friendly balcony when the street was cleared for the horse races, and

had watched the ignoble steeds, without riders, but impelled by crackers and weighted spears dangling against their flanks, gallop past from the Porta del Popolo to the Piazza di Venezia; like the rest of the world, they had admired the really-beautiful and almost magic scene presented by that noble street on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, when it was thronged by thousands carrying *Moccoli*, while other thousands waved similar wax tapers, attached to long canes, from the different windows, and strove who could put out the other's light; like the rest of the world, they had enjoyed and admired this scene of fairy land, which, as night closed darkly overhead, seemed, to the young girls, an appropriate termination to the happy season that had so quickly passed away.*

* The following incident will show the madness with which this amusement of pelting is carried on. Two years ago, a party of the most fashionable of the Roman grandees, having hired two rooms in the Corso with a balcony, filled one of the rooms with plaster sugar plums, and pelted those who passed beneath outrageously during the first day. Next morning, the police seized the remainder of their plaster ammunition. Reclamations ensued: the gentlefolks were too powerful to be opposed,

On the morrow, as Montesquieu's Persian says, a magician put a little dust upon all their foreheads, and instantaneously saddened and sobered them all. On the morrow, Middleton Agelthorpe, with about half a score of other Catholic Englishmen who happened to be in Rome, dressed themselves in their military or other uniforms, and joined the service in the Pope's private Sistine chapel. The fast of Lent had begun in imitation of that undergone by the Saviour before His blessed passion: man was to be reminded of his origin and of his destination; and following the Cardinals and prelates of the Church, the Englishmen knelt, one by one, before the Pontiff, who placed a few ashes on the forehead of each, while he solemnly repeated "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou

and the shot was returned to them,—on their promise of more gentle behaviour? Not a bit of it! When the promenade began, they were at their post, and began again pelting those beneath them so unmercifully, that the mob, enraged at length, turned against them. A paving-stone was thrown at the company on the balcony. It struck and broke the arm of the pretty young Countess ——.

shalt return." The manner of his Holiness was calm, his countenance benignant, his voice as full and modulated as ever; but his features were overcast with a shade of anxiety, too-naturally resulting from the political convulsions in other countries, and the wild, unsettled wishes of his own subjects.

Then began to be held what are called Stations in the different churches, when altars are lighted up around the blessed Sacrament, and all the relics which the church possesses are exhibited to the veneration of the faithful. Some Romans make it a rule to visit all these churches in turn; and wherever the station is, the building is usually crowded by hundreds, who drop in and spend a few minutes on their knees. At the large basilicas, at St. Peter's for example, as being distant from the more inhabited parts of the city, the concourse is less than in the smaller churches. To some of the churches, an hereditary veneration seems to attach, which is easily to be understood amongst a population whose predecessors

may have personally known the saints or holy martyrs whose bodies still lie amongst them. In the church of St. Clement, for example, which the Agelthorpes visited on one of these festivals, this necessary familiarity of the Romans with bygone ages. particularly impressed them. The church is one of the very oldest in Rome, is even believed to have been originally the house in which Clement, the fellow-labourer of St. Paul, really lived. Gradually it was converted into a temple, and still retains all the architectural divisions, platforms, and tribunes that were common in the earliest ages. But there, in the midst of those old galleries and balustrades, inlaid with the old rich Alexandrine work, so like the Indian mosaics of Bombay; but there, behind the modern railing, which must be almost a thousand years old; there, under the high altar, lies the body of him whom the ancestors of the poor people now dwelling in the neighbouring streets may have known as the proprietor of that sanctified house, of that most ancient church; there,

under the high altar, as on a modern tombstone, is the simple inscription:

FLAVIUS CLEMENS,
A MARTYR,
IS HERE HAPPILY BURIED.*

Here is evidence of familiar, domestic, every day life and death, which must come home to the hearts of the neighbourhood.

On their way home, the Agelthorpes sauntered into the splendid church of the Jesuits, situated not far from their own house. The only church in Rome in which service is really performed at the appointed times, as it is there more decorously preformed than elsewhere, it was always perferred by those whom business did not permit to wait the leisure or caprice of the ministering clergy; and it was, also, the fashionable church for the poor as well as for the middling classes and the rich. The church was crowded when the English party entered. A popular preacher sat in an armchair on the platform erected for extra-

* Flavius Clemens, martyr, hic feliciter inhumatus est.

ordinary lectures, instead of the common pulpit; and a broad grin on the face of all, showed that he was popularly addressing them. The Agelthorpes did not hear what had excited the mirthful feelings of the congregation; but their features were quickly composed as the preacher went on in more serious tones:—"What object, my brethren," he said, "can *we* have in urging you to come and confess your sins? Believe me, that the impurities and the sorrows of the faithful drain through the heart of the confessor. Believe me, that duty and the good of your souls can alone reconcile us to this most monotonous occupation. Aye, monotonous, my sons," he added, in more querulous tones; "monotonous. For surely you cannot think, that you have anything new to tell us? You cannot think that we anticipate anything wonderful, or that we have not heard a thousand times? As well might a fisherman peer curiously into his net every time he draws it from the river, and think to find there some unknown and marvellous fish. And, indeed, when we

seat ourselves in the confessional, what are we but fishermen throwing out our nets on this side and on that to ease you of the fish that you may please to throw into them? And what a wearisome monotonous draft we haul in! I turn to the right," and he leaned on that side, suiting the action to the word; "I turn to the right, and a woman tells me, that she has been squabbling with her husband: eh, the net is used to haul in such small fish as that! I turn to the left, and a girl tells me, that she has been self-willed and pettish: eh, that won't break the net, and is not very exciting to hear! I turn again to the right, and a man tells me, that he has been committing adultery or murder: Hola, think I to myself, here is a big fish! here is a whopper! I have often seen him before, but he must be drawn to land slowly and carefully. Is there anything very entertaining in all that?" asked the preacher, with a comic look. "Is there any great good, you may say, in coming to tell us such things, if we are tired of them? But stop," he added, with seriousness, as the congregation

smiled broadly; "stop a bit. It is not all over yet; it does not all end here. The same thing goes on again at the judgment seat of God; and what the wife and young girl told me, is read out of the great book, and no one pays much attention to it; and then he who gave me the big fish is brought forward, and his sin is also proclaimed. 'Ha! ha!' cries the devil, joyfully, 'there's a whopper! that fellow is for me,' he says; and he begins to drag him down by the leg, and the poor sinner thinks he is lost. But I shall be there also, my brethren," continued the preacher; "depend upon it, I shall be there; and 'Hold!' I shall cry; 'hola! hold! he told that to me: he threw that big fish into my net, and I took account of it; and, in the name of God, I forgave him.' And the devil will let go his prey, and I shall lead him over, and put him on the right side. See then, my brethren," continued the preacher, reverting to his graver mood; "see the good of confession, and how easily you may enable yourselves to pass the dread trial hereafter," etc., etc.

"What strange, indecorous language!" exclaimed Caroline, as they left the temple. "The people were almost laughing in church!"

"Better than that they should have been dozing, as is too often the case during what we, in England, consider decorous preaching," answered her uncle. "And, after all, I believe the charm of that style of preaching which attracts so many sectaries at home lies in its familiarity. The object of the preacher, as of all public speakers, should be to move,—to influence his hearers; and, depend upon it that, whatever style of preaching most affects, that is the best style of preaching. A refined and educated audience may be most moved by a refined and measured discourse; but if the preacher knows that the habits and education of his hearers are such that they would not care for his studied periods, he is quite right in descending to their own level, and in talking to them in any language they can understand and sympathize with. Did you, Caroline, in any church in England, ever

see a congregation who appeared more attentive to the words of the preacher,—to enter more entirely into every sentiment he uttered?"

"They were attentive enough, I must own," replied the young lady; and soon after the carriage stopped under the portico of the Vatican Palace. They all alighted, and wound their way up those weary steps, many of which are still made of paving tiles, so placed that the feet of the mules should not slip, as they carried reverend prelates or firewood to the different floors.

It is not our purpose to describe the different treasures of art in those wondrous galleries. It was not the first time that our friends had toiled through every hall, and found that to be a most exhausting labour, which a few chairs or benches in every room would convert into a source of unrivalled mental enjoyment. They now sauntered from hall to hall, lingering only before the more celebrated objects of art. The half dozen paintings, the masterpieces of the world, long delayed them: for

the minds of the young girls were opening to appreciate the peculiar style of artists; and not even the conversation of Marchese Casavecchia and Duke Augustiniani, whom they found sauntering through the galleries, in the hope, if truth must be told, of meeting them,—not even the conversation of the two young men could withdraw their attention from the paintings.

"What can be the reason," exclaimed Mary, "that they have placed Raphael's Transfiguration, and that grandest picture of all, Domenichino's St. Jerome, in the wrong light! Look, Caroline," she said, "the light from the window falls on the shaded sides of the figures in the canvass. What can have induced them to do this?"

"Probably," replied Casavecchia, "probably some motive of upholstery convenience, like that which led them to cut off the circular top of Titian's Madonna and Infant, namely, that it might match with the square top of the Transfiguration."

"Well," said Caroline, "I do not see the immense superiority of these paintings over

some of the copies of them which we have seen. These have the merit of being the originals; but few people would distinguish them from some copies."

"Don Pasquino declares," said Mary, "that he would lay any wager, that if the original Transfiguration were taken to Paris, London, or St. Petersburgh, and were there advertised as a copy, the artistic world, so far from recognizing it as the original, would say that, as a copy even, it was a harsh and inferior one, and that it would hardly find a purchaser."

"For my part," exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe, "I weary of all these galleries. First-class ancient statues I can admire with all my soul: for the people who wrought them could do something else. But I own that it sickens me to go from gallery to studio, and from studio to gallery, and to feel that these are the national trophies of Italy; that in the production of these, the mind and the energies of a people have been expended for centuries. Glorious, magnificent works of art when united

with other pursuits,—with other manly achievements: but trivialities, puerilities, when a nation of twenty-five millions has nothing else to boast of. It sickens me!" he added, as he turned aside with a look of despair.

"Piemont has done something else," said Casavecchia, following him and taking his arm. "Piemont has done, and will do something else. Aye, and she would have done even more, were she not hampered by the old-world slowness of others. In Italy, we must be, more or less, dependent the one state upon the other: and when Austria or bad government clogs the motions of the one, all are, in some degree, arrested. Look at the difficulties of railroads and passports, for example. Who would make a railway to the frontier of one little state, unless it could be carried through to the capital of the next? Who would make any railroad at all, while the passport system prevents people from travelling?"

"Whose is the fault?" asked Agelthorpe.

"That of Austria!" answered the Pie-

montese, gnashing his teeth; "and," he added, looking round to see that Augustiniani should not overhear him—"and of these prideful, jealous Romans. Would you believe it?" he said, "a deputation of four Englishmen lately came here with proposals to construct a railroad from Rome to its seaport, Civita Vecchia They heard of a clever engineer, who could make a plan of the country through which it was to pass, and engaged his services. The man required a passport to survey it; but he had first to obtain the written consent of his usual employer, the written consent of his own wife, and the written consent of all others who could be supposed to have any claim upon him. One fortnight slipped away, before he could obtain the passport, authorizing him to begin the survey. How many travellers do you think there would be in a country where a man cannot go sixty miles without giving a fortnight's notice to the government, and overcoming all these formalities?"

"But this only shows the stupidity of

government," suggested Agelthorpe; "it does not affect the Romans themselves."

"Why do they tolerate such a government?" asked Casavecchia, sharply. "However," he added, "the engineer went at last and made his survey; and as England has no legation here, Mr. Cass, the Chargé d'Affaires of the United States, presented the deputation to the minister, Cardinal Antonelli. The four Roman princes and nobles, through whose lands the line was to pass, met the parties; and although each of them was anxious to have the railway through his own territory, each was so jealous lest the other should derive a greater benefit from it than himself, that they all opposed the measure. They have been so broken up by former feuds, that they cannot conspire, or trust one another for any object whatever."

"Have they independence and knowledge enough of the benefits that would result to their own property from modern improvements?" suggested Agelthorpe.

"Oh, they are not fools!" answered Casavecchia: "or, at all events, there is, gene-

rally, one clever one in every family. You know the two branches of your friend Prince del Foro's family: the difference between the two is that, when the first steamboat was expected up the Tiber to Rome, the Prince insisted that it would pass over the bridges, while his cousin insisted that it would pass under the bridges."

"There was evidently some talent in that family!" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe laughing.

They had now sauntered on through various halls and galleries, and had entered the high temple of sculpture, the Belvedere Court. In little rooms or cabinets, set in the four corners of this open court, are, as all the world knows, the Antinous, the Laocoon, and the Apollo. With admiration increased by every visit, Middleton Agelthorpe stood—

> "To view the Lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life and poesy and light,
> The Sun, in human limbs arrayed,"—

when a tap on the arm recalled him from his reveries, and brought him down to modern Rome again.

"Good morning, sir," said Lord Rangerleigh, beside him. "Will you have the goodness to fork out the ten scudi you promised to subscribe for our steeplechase?"

"Such is Rome—such is life in Rome," said Agelthorpe, giving him the money. "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas."

"Nay, there will be nothing ridiculous in our steeplechase, if I break my neck in it," answered the young man; "but, by Apollo!" he exclaimed, "there are the young ladies and Mrs. Agelthorpe!" and he hastened from the "Lord of the unerring bow" to try and send a shaft from his own quiver against pretty Caroline's obdurate heart.

Duke Augustiniani was, as usual, at her side; but she turned with frankness and evident pleasure to greet the new comer.

Horace Enderby had come up with Lord Rangerleigh: for, in sooth, the Vatican Museum is a lounge where English young men betake themselves, in the hope of falling in with sight-seeing groups of their countryfolk, or with those whom they are

most anxious to meet, as if by chance, when too delicate or shy to repeat visits at their homes. Both the last comers bit their lips with vexation, and showed some constraint, when they saw Augustiniani and Casavecchia on the ground before them.

"By Jove! the Italians have stolen a march upon us!" exclaimed Lord Rangerleigh aside to Enderby; but they all entered frankly into the lively conversation that seemed to be going on, and which continued to be general, although each drew to the side nearest to the young girl whom he evidently favoured.

"Well," continued Caroline, "but is nobody going to this war? I do not see how it is to be carried on if we only talk about it, without joining the army. Do not you mean to volunteer, Don Visconti?" she asked, addressing the Prince.

"I have too many estates, or at least I shall soon have too many estates, in Lombardy for me to venture to take arms against the Austrians," coolly replied the Prince, as he twirled his moustache.

Caroline looked thoughtful, but was silent.

"And you, Don Federigo?" asked Mary addressing Casavecchia, after a moment's pause. "What do you intend to do? Surely you will strike a blow for Italy?"

"Why, Signorina, every one has his peculiar gift," answered the Piemontese slowly. "Some have more military ardour than others; and I must own that courage is not my forte."

Every member of the party involuntarily started. But when the fine young man raised his noble countenance, such a flash of fire shot from that full hazel eye, as at once belied his words and carried conviction to the minds of Mary and of Enderby, both of whom were anxiously watching him. He drew himself to his full height and looked the very "god of life and light," the very Apollo they had just admired. A tear rose to the eye of Mary Agelthorpe: a tear of enthusiasm in the bright cause of Italian independence, so eloquently, although so strangely, asserted by the handsome young

man beside her. Horace Enderby was equally, though differently affected: an enthusiast himself at all times—doubly an enthusiast in the cause of the country in which he had lived so long—his heart beat in sympathy with that of Casavecchia; and involuntarily stretching out his hand, he warmly grasped that of the Piemontese, and drew him aside from the group.

"We are rivals, Casavecchia!" he exclaimed: "you feel and I feel that we are rivals for the hand of that fair girl; but my heart sympathizes with yours in the cause of Italy. Although rivals for her, let us always be friends. We will go forth together."

"Brave Englishman!" replied the Piemontese grasping both his hands, "be it so. We must strive against one another in love; but we will strike together for Italy. I thank you, in the name of my country."

There was poetry in those two handsome faces as they thus stood looking into each other's eyes. Never were two more finely-formed young men; never were two more

manly and speaking countenances brought together, and more nobly affected by a subject on which they both felt so strongly. There was poetry, there was self-confidence, there was earnestness, there was holiness beaming on the face of each. Mary looked at them both with admiration; and Caroline almost heaved a sigh as she turned back her gaze to the unruffled features of Augustiniani and heard Lord Rangerleigh exclaim:

"By Jove, Miss Agelthorpe, they are two handsome young fellows! But I should not have expected to see them draw together in that manner, should you?"

"There is sympathy between all fine minds," answered Caroline calmly.

"Why so there is," replied his lordship; "and I quite feel with them; only I don't know what it is all about!"

The conversation rather flagged after this burst. They all soon rejoined their carriages and left the square of St. Peter's together.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Italians fought together! —Did not whet
The blade 'gainst one another! Ill prepared
For such rare fellowship, Diopoldo met
The barons, and the unequal conflict dared.

We have seen how quietly and how gratefully the Roman people had hailed the promise of administrative reforms and moderate government that was first held out to their hopes by Pio Nono. We have seen them rejoicing, with the simplicity of children or Arcadians, under the mingled effects of surprise, gratitude, and hope. All was peace, devotion, and unanimity; when Austria felt that such sentiments were incompatible with its own position in Italy; and seized upon the Papal town of Ferrara, as a material pledge that the Holy Father should not carry his innovations too far.

Italians, all over the peninsula, had sym-

pathized with the Romans, and looked up to Pio Nono as the incarnation of their hopes: Italians, all over the peninsula, raised the cry of "Shame" against the power that would thwart his beneficent intentions; roused up all their old animosities against the hereditary oppressors of their country; and preached a holy war to release Pio Nono and Italy from "the hated thrall of the German". Infidel writers called upon the Pontiff to hurl against the invader the spiritual thunders of the Church; and the mild Pontiff himself sadly foresaw the probability that he might be compelled to wield them.

Let it be ever remembered, that the dream of peace and hope, and moderate reforms in Rome and in Italy was first rudely broken by this unwarrantable invasion by Austria; and that, in our ignorance of the course which events might otherwise have followed, we are justified in attributing whatever difficulties the Roman Pontiff has had to contend with, to this insolent invasion by the arch enemy of Italy.

Foremost amongst all who, as we have said, sympathized with the insulted sovereign, was Carlo Alberto, the king of Piemont and Sardinia. On no loving terms himself with the Austrian court, he had early offered his friendly sympathy to Pius the Ninth: then, when Ferrara was seized upon by the common enemy, and it was known how deeply the mind of the Pontiff and the spirit of his subjects felt the national insult, Carlo Alberto had quickly proffered his country, his ships, and his army to receive or to defend him. Curious was the character, and curious the history of the sovereign of Piemont. Eight-and-twenty years before, when Prince of Carignano and heir-apparent to the throne, he had allied himself with the liberal party in Italy, and had been obliged to do penance for such an escapade by joining the French legitimist army, which the Duc de Berri led to the Trocadero, in order to replace Ferdinand the Seventh upon the Spanish throne. Considering the subsequent career of the sovereign, we may fairly judge that these

early liberal tendencies were prompted by his real convictions. They were overlooked, if they were not forgiven him, on the strength of his having married an archduchess of Austria. But the king did not prove traitor to the liberal aspirations of the prince. Governing his own subjects with moderation, he ever looked for the liberation of Italy. His favourite study had long been the collection, from the holy scriptures, of heaven's denunciations against foreign oppressors and invaders. Like all mystic enthusiasts, he applied the inspired texts to his own circumstances and to those of his country; and with the chivalry of a knight of old, thought himself predestined to redeem his country. "I AWAIT MY STAR," was his motto: and when the Austrian invasion of Ferrara turned against that country the feelings of every Italian, who was then only exulting in admiration of Pius the Ninth, Charles Albert deemed that his star was indeed rising. Heaven, he thought, would surely bless the sword which he should draw in defence of Christ's

vicar on earth, in vindication of the independence of his country. Openly now he offered himself as champion of the Pope, and, slighting Austrian reclamations against the reforms that were being attempted in Italy, he spoke out those indignant thoughts which he had nurtured so long in secret. "I send you two lines only," he wrote to his friend Count Castagneto, who was then attending a gathering of the Royal Agricultural Society of Piemont—"I write you only two lines, for I have much to do. Austria has sent to all the different Courts a Note, in which she declares that she will retain possession of Ferrara. On my return to Turin yesterday, I found an immense crowd before the palace: excitement, but no tumult, no outcries. If Providence sends us a war for the independence of Italy, I will to horse with my sons; I will place myself at the head of my army: and I will do as Sciamil is now doing against Russia. Oh, what a blessed day that will be on which we may all raise the cry of War for the Independence of Italy!"

It is not to be supposed that this private letter was kept a secret by him to whom it was addressed: and while the assembled agriculturalists voted an address to the king, imploring him to act up to his high-minded aspirations, the words were spread far and wide, and all looked to the heroic Charles Albert and his people as to the future liberators of their country.

Thus had spread the excitement occasioned by this ill-judged and iniquitous occupation of Ferrara. Tuscany, which had already obtained the liberty of the press and the promise of municipal institutions, felt that Austria had thrown down the gauntlet to all Italy, and hastened to take it up. A national guard was demanded, and thirty thousand men, carrying the old republican standards of the different towns, marched in procession to church to celebrate its inauguration, and then turned to the Pitti palace, where they cheered the Grand Duke as he addressed them from the balcony: and while he waved over them the banner of Italy, the bright hills of

Florence reechoed the shouts of war to Austria!

At Lucca, at Modena, and at Naples, had been similar successful outbursts of the national feeling. The inhabitants of Milan and of Venice had not yet moved. They had been more than ever tyrannized over by a murderous police; but they had also looked forward to the hour of their deliverance. The hymn of Pio Nono had come to be entoned as the anthem of freedom in every country of Italy; and, from the rice-grounds and vineyards of Lombardy, it had boomed threatening upon the ear of the Austrian who kept guard on the melancholy Rialto, and the deserted canals of Venice.

In the creation and ebullition of such feelings, the winter had passed away; and now, in the month of March, when it was known in Italy that a republic had been proclaimed in Paris; that the power of the arch-enemy of the peninsula had been broken; and that the Emperor of Austria had been driven from his capital, should not the Milanese vindicate their right to indepen-

dence, and join the brave Romans, and the other people of Italy, who were arming for the defence of Fatherland? A spark only was wanting to make the mine explode: seriously and solemnly, they applied the match to the train which their oppressors themselves had so sedulously prepared. On the 18th of March, a small band of young men, most of whom had prepared themselves by devotional exercises and the sacraments of religion, rushed into the streets of Milan with cries for Italy, for Liberty, and for that Pio Nono whose name in those days seemed to bring down the very Divinity Himself to fight on the side of the oppressed. They waved the tricolor banner of Italy, and thousands gathered round it as it waved. Who did not hate the German? Who had not an insult to avenge—an insult offered to himself or the females of his family? At the Ducal palace, the guard turned out to oppose those whom it called the rioters. Upon them Italians! and in an instant they were slain or disarmed.

Blood was thus drawn, and what now

availed the mild exhortations of the archbishop, who, decked out in the national colours, again endeavoured to pacify them, as he had done some months before?—the sword was drawn, blood had flowed, the scabbard was cast far away. Fourteen thousand disciplined Austrian troops, with old Marshal Radetzky at their head, with artillery and military skill, contended, for five days, against the rash insurgents. For five days, they fought. From street to street, from house to house, from roof to roof they fought. With Christian forbearance, with care for the wounded, the Milanese fought for independence: with rage and unheard-of cruelty, mutilating dead bodies, casting the wounded into the burning ruins around them, gashing at women, and slaying children, the rude barbarians fought to retain their unhallowed rule. For five days and nights they fought; till Radetzky, seeing his troops wearied out and baffled at every point, and hearing that the Piemontese army of Charles Albert was marching to the relief of the heroic Milanese, retreated

by night from the scene of his discomfiture.

And while Radetzky and his troops, who occupied Lombardy, were thus engaged hand to hand with the natives, Venice rose upon its oppressors. The lion of St. Mark shook its mane, and Count Zichy and his Germans fled from the sound of its roaring. Never did panic so extraordinary seize a garrisoned army! It fled from the threats of a lawyer at the head of a deputation of insurgent citizens! Without striking a blow, it surrendered fortresses, munitions of war, even the cash in the military chests and public treasury; the Austrian general obtaining only three months pay for his troops, and a free passage for them to Trieste. They went; and, amid cries of "St. Mark and Italy!" Venice dragged two of its most eminent citizens from the Austrian dungeon, and placed them at the head of its young government; and recovered every town of the old Venetian territory as easily as the Queen of the Adriatic had herself driven the oppressor from her bosom.

Who could describe the wild delight, the pure patriotic joy with which the news of these glorious events was received at Rome! There was, indeed, cause for congratulation. There was cause for exultation, and for hope. And they did exult and sympathize as one people. Patriots of long standing saw the fulfilment of their fondest hopes; and those who had despaired of their country, triumphed in its unexpected resurrection. Tears started to the eyes of stern men as they greeted one another in the streets, and thanked heaven that they had lived to see these days. The noble proclamation that Carlo Alberto had addressed to the people of Lombardy and Venice, when he crossed the historic Po and hastened to their relief, was reprinted and read at the corner of every street in Rome. General illuminations hailed the commencement of the war against the common enemy: and in the name of his royal master, the Sardinian Minister at Rome received the acclamations of the grateful multitude. "Those," says the Italian his-

torian, "those were indeed bright and glorious days. A new sun had uprisen upon Italy. Strangers who, in those days, visited our Italy from beyond the Alps and from over the seas, found something more to admire than paintings and statues of which we are almost too proud:—they saw those who could bear arms prepare themselves for the camp; they saw women urge forward their husbands and their sons: they saw priests bless the banners, and citizens lay gifts upon the altar of their country: they saw many instances of generosity and self sacrifice. The Pope and the religious communities made rich donations: the Roman princes strove with the citizens who could be most liberal; all, gladly and spontaneously, paid to their country the tribute of their charity: the populace could not emulate the nobles in the richness, but it did emulate them in the multitude of its offerings, in the warmth of its devotion: even the beggar stretched out his hand and gave something to those who were collecting alms for Italy. Ladies stripped them-

selves of their rich ornaments; the women of the people gave those little pledges of love or of faith, which recal to each one some happy moments, even though such memories be the only happiness that is left to them on earth. One young girl of Bologna, who had no jewels she could offer, cut off and gave that which she had ever most prized—her beautiful hair. Cardinals and princes gave horses to draw the artillery; and princes, and dukes, and nobles, and citizens, and populace, all, like brothers in arms, started together for the camp. Two nephews of the Pope went with them; and, in two days, at least twelve thousand volunteers had left the Roman states. The Pope blessed them as they went—leaving it to be understood that his blessing was to descend upon warriors who were going to defend the frontiers of the states of the Church. There was holiday in every town; and the bells from every steeple greeted joyfully the pontifical legions. The arms of the Pontiff were interwoven with the national colours. The cross surmounted the standard of Italy."

Such, then, had been the effect of the invasion of Ferrara, which Austria had perpetrated in the hope of deterring and intimidating Pius the Ninth from his career of administrative reforms! The nationalities of all Italy had been aroused; and the complaints of the Pope, reechoed throughout Europe, had encouraged the liberals of every country to rise against domestic oppression, and invoke the standard first raised by so holy a leader. Rome was in a tumult of joy and excitement. The shops and stores for military outfits were thronged and quickly emptied. The old military uniform of the papal troops had been changed some months previously, and the sovereign had decked them in one very like that of the Piemontese army: the old jackets and great coats, the cast-off helmets and foraging caps, were dealt out as far as they would go, and distributed to eager applicants. Some got a shoulder-belt and some a scarf,—some a jacket and some a cartouch-box: the rest of the multitudinous volunteers stuck the brass shield of the

papal troops upon their hats, or gathered together without other emblem of their martial calling, than the bright tricolor cockade gaily flaunting in the breasts of their jackets. But all was enthusiasm and willing response to the call of the sovereign and country. Prince Aldobrandini, minister of war, had opened lists for the enrolment of volunteers; Prince Rospigliosi, general of the civic guard, called upon all retired soldiers to reenlist; Ciceruacchio rushed from parish to parish, self-constituted quartermaster and recruiting sergeant; lay orators called upon the people in every street, and Father Gavazzi preached up the war from the pedestal of the cross in the Colosseum.

"Oh, Rosina," exclaimed Tommaso, Mr. Agelthorpe's Roman footman, one day to the new housemaid, "there has been such a glorious gathering at the Colosseo to-day!"

"Bah, Tommaso," answered the girl, "thou dost not mean to tell me that thou hast been joining the prayers of the Passion that are held there? I did not think thee so devout."

"Prayers! Rosina; another sort of prayers are held there now-a-days! Padre Gavazzi has taken possession of the pulpit there, since his superiors have forbidden him to preach in the churches: and he told us finer things to-day, than were ever spoken by any monk before. I had no notion, I tell thee, what fine fellows we are!"

"I own," said Rosina, "that church preachers do not give us such pleasant opinions of ourselves as thou seemest to have brought away."

"Oh, Padre Gavazzi gave us a scrap of history, and told us who we were. 'Romans! Descendants of Troy! Descendants of heroes!' he cried," . . . .

"Descended far enough!" interposed Rosina, whose country nurture amongst her brothers had kept her aloof from recent excitement.

"Do not interrupt!" pursued Tommaso: "'Descendants of heroes!' he cried, 'march against an enemy that will fly at the very sound of the Roman name. Hasten to carry Roman valour into the fields of Lombardy.

Let the women of Italy see the red cross on your breasts,—let them admire your martial aspect . . . .'"

"Are they going to look for wives in Lombardy?" asked Rosina saucily.

"Diavolo!" exclaimed Tommaso, "I wish thou wouldst not interrupt me. Per Bacco! I have lost the thread of his sermon. 'March' . . . 'march' . . . it was something about marching . . . no, it was not: it was about flying, now I remember me: 'Romans,' cried the Padre, 'on, Romans, on: you have but to shew yourselves and conquer. Already I see you fly from victory to victory: from the Tiber to the Po; from the Po to the Adige—to the Alps—to the Appenines'—oh, such lots of rivers he said they would fly over. I did not know there were so many in Italy. Per Bacco, Rosina, I did not think the world had been so wide!"

"See what it is to have a good teacher," cried Rosina, sarcastically.

"But I have not got half through the sermon," continued Tommaso. "Thou canst

not think, Rosina, what a beautiful figure Padre Gavazzi cut! He stood there with two great red crosses a yard long sewn upon his gown and his cloak. He caught hold of the right hand corner of his cloak with his left hand; and, clapping it upon his left hip, he stretched out his right arm; and then, how he did bellow! 'Romans . . . . . our country . . . . the immortal page of history . . . . . God and our country . . . . Roman youth, do you not feel the blood boil within you? Do you not feel your hearts leap, and your souls gnash their teeth?'"

"How grand!" cried Rosina, "how couldst thou remember it all?"

"Remember it all! I only wish thou couldst have heard Padre Gavazzi: he would have shaken the prayers, thou art so fond of, out of thee. 'Women of Rome!' he cried: 'weep not! weep not! delay not your sons who would rush to this holy war. Hinder them not. Italian blood boils in their veins, and it is from you they had it, that noble blood, that blood of the ancient Quirites!'"

"Ancient who?" asked the girl.

"Ancient Quirites. I don't know who they were, but it does not matter," answered Tommaso: then, imitating the action he had described as being that of the preacher, "'Roman mothers,'" he continued, in an inflated tone, 'Weep not, Roman mothers: even if your sons should fall, they will die gloriously; their wounds will be all in front. Remember the mothers of'—let me see—of whom was it he said? I have it: 'Remember the mothers of La-ci-demonio'...."

"Uh, ti dissi sempre che'l demonio—I always told thee, that the devil was in that monk!" exclaimed the Roman girl, starting up as the front door bell rung over their heads.* Tommaso caught up his livery

* We have not scrupled to copy, with small variations, this scene and two or three others, which will occur in the course of our narrative, from the pages of an Italian periodical journal, some of which have been reprinted under the title of the Ebreo di Verona. The compilation, particularly the greater portion of it, the Appendice, is quite unknown to the English reader; but we would acknowledge our obligation for such scenes as we have thought characteristic of the time and country.

coat, which he had thrown on the back of a chair, and shaking his fist as he thrust his arms into it, exclaimed, "If it were not for this badge of slavery and my eight scudi a month, I would be a hero, too, I would! and not even thy bright eyes should keep me back!" He sought out the English butler; and, with him, hastened to the front door. Servants in Rome are accustomed to open the door to visitors of every country and in every dress; but they both started, when they recognized, in the two handsome officers who now stood before them in full uniform, Horace Enderby and the Piemontese, Marquis Casavecchia.

The two visitors found all the Agelthorpe family assembled in the drawing-room.

"Is it then even so?" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe, as he grasped the hand of the young Englishman. "Have you finally resolved to strike a blow for Italy?"

The young man did not answer, but continued to greet and shake hands with the ladies, with more than usual frankness and heartiness. He and Mary exchanged a

bright look of intelligence, and it did not leave her fair features when Federigo Casavecchia came up, and stretching forth his hand, begged to be treated like an Englishman, and shook hands with her for the first time. The touch of her fingers thrilled through him; and he was about to raise her hand to his lips, when he checked himself, and, retaining it a moment, said, half audibly, "Not now; after this war, if I live." Mary blushed crimson, as she heard the words which reached no other ears; and Casavecchia went on to make his usual bow to Caroline and Mrs. Agelthorpe.

"I do not at all approve of your dragging an Englishman into your Italian quarrels," that lady said to the Piemontese.

"Nay, nay," replied Horace Enderby, "it is an European quarrel; it is a war of self-defence on the part of an oppressed people and the Pope. No man can deem the present a mere vulgar contest for power; or feel towards Italy—our parent in religion, literature, and art—as he would towards any other country."

"What uniform is that you wear, Mr.

Enderby?" asked Caroline. "It is a very pretty one."

The young man blushed, as he looked towards Mary to read, if he could, in her eyes her opinion of his present appearance. He saw nothing there but the expression of frank approval: and, conscious of his own perfect figure and very handsome face, his full blue eyes sparkled as he twirled his light brown moustache, and replied, "It is a Piemontese uniform. Casavecchia, you know, is adjutant to the commander-in-chief, and has had interest to put me on the staff as one of his aide-de-camps. We march this afternoon."

Middleton Agelthorpe still paced the room without speaking. Again he was revolving every argument in his mind by which he might correct his own judgment, and influence that of his young friend. It was almost too late for his counsels to have had any effect; but he would think again, that he might be free of self-reproach hereafter.

"Cosa pensa—what are you studying, Signor Middleton?" asked Casavecchia at length.

"Not your case, my friend," answered the Englishman: "you are a subject of the king of Sardinia—you are an officer in his army: your duty is clear. Not the case of the Romans, who are marching forth so tumultuously: their sovereign has been wronged: his ministry has called upon them to arm, and has supplied them with arms: their territory has been invaded—and they are Italians. But I was studying the case of my countryman here; and whether he were justified in joining in this foreign war. But I admit all he says of the claims of Italy upon every thinking man: I admit them still more upon himself, who has dwelt here so long: and, more than all, I admit the right of every man to support an evidently-just cause in whatever country it may need support. Patriotism and nationalities are soul-stirring subjects of declamation; but these subdivisions of the great family of mankind, as they are often the motive for wrong and promoters of the lust of conquest, so they do not exempt either nations or individuals from enforcing the universal police of mankind,—from taking

part with that police which, either by opinion or by force, is entitled to control the wrong-doer in every country, and to maintain the cause of justice every where. A man's right and duty as man, is not destroyed by his incorporation in any particular nationality or subdivision of mankind. Therefore, Horace," he added, slapping him on the shoulder as he passed, "therefore I hold you free to buckle on armour in this quarrel."

"And if he is killed, it will be all upon your conscience," added his wife.

"My conscience, my dear, will be equally burdened, whether he be killed himself or kill a German. If the quarrel is unjust, murder would be equally done in either case. But no, no!" he added enthusiastically, "a fairer quarrel never called forth the energies of a people! I only hope that the people may be worthy of the occasion."

The conversation then turned upon the wild, undisciplined state of the raw Roman volunteers that were rushing forth; and Casavecchia expressed his hope that on their arrival at the Lombard camp, he

might be again attached to the regular forces of Piemont. No one envied General Durando the command he had assumed over such a force ; but it was thought that, once on the field of battle, their enthusiasm might, at first, supply the place of longer training. Then, with a poor attempt on all sides to conceal more feeling than any one of the party would avow, the friends took leave of each other. All the young people, except the Piemontese, had known one another from their birth: and the sympathy of fine feelings had already closely bound the Italian and his new friends. He again shook hands with Mary, but without trusting himself to speak. Horace Enderby followed him, and took the fair girl's hand. For a few moments, he pressed it fondly in silence, then whispered softly, " Farewell ".

He thought she slightly returned the pressure of his hand.

" When I return," he added, " when I return . . . Heaven bless you ever, dear Mary !" he whispered, and then hastened from the room.

Mary Agelthorpe stooped to pick up the

drawing-pencil—which had not fallen from her hand: and her father sauntered out to find Mr. Ollier, with whom he would walk to the Piazza del Popolo to see the volunteers go forth. What a rush and hubbub was in the streets and in the square! What an embracing; what a twirling of moustaches; what a stroking of beards; what a clapping of one another on the back!

"Bravo!" "Addio!" "Long life to the soldiers of Italy!" "Independence for ever!" "Come back soon, when you have cleared the country of Germans!" "Do not leave one alive to pollute the soil of Italy."

"No! not one shall escape us!" replied the volunteers as they rushed forwards. "But do you, comrades, mind that, when we come back, we do not find a single Jesuit in Rome. See to it you who stay behind. Do not let us find one."

"Not one, we swear it to you!" cried Ciceruacchio and his fellows. "Death to the Jesuits!" "Viva Pio Nono!"

## CHAPTER IX.

Oh would man cultivate the sympathies
That bind him to his God—that have outlived
The first sad fall:—those feelings that arise
Unwittingly within us—as if hived,
By some good angel ere we left the skies,
For earth's sad winter time, where all deprived
Of hope we else had stray'd:—would man obey
The spirit's impulses, not those of clay,
How blest this world might be!

The Roman volunteers had marched towards the frontier, and the excited rabble amongst them had left an injunction to their brethren who remained to expel the Jesuits from Rome. On the 30th of March, the Government Gazette declared that "the reverend fathers had often expressed fears for their own personal safety, and that the Pope, who could not but deem them to be most unwearied labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, had not refused to consider

their case; that having, therefore, notified to their superior his own high opinion of them, and his dread of any breach of the peace, they had all resolved to submit to circumstances, lest their presence should serve as a pretext for riot and bloodshed; and that measures had been taken to place others in charge of their schools, houses and property so as to provide for their maintenance elsewhere."

Here was another of those unfortunate half measures which the friends of the Pope had then so often to deplore. Better far would it have been to have defended the Jesuits, at whatever cost; or to have permitted them quietly to retire, as of their own free will, without any notice on the part of the Government. As it was, the enemies of religion triumphed in the weakness which the head of the Church evinced in dismissing those whom he denominated "unwearied labourers in the vineyard of the Lord"; and the enemies of the order maintained, that, while the holy and the peaceable of the fathers had gladly removed

to less threatening scenes, intriguing politicians had remained behind in disguise, to plot against freedom, uncontroled by the presence of their superiors. The pretence was a good political capital, with which to trade on the ignorance of the populace.

Once more, therefore, all promised peace and prosperity in the Papal States. The ministry was honestly carrying out the spirit of the new constitution, and was giving directions for the election of members to the first parliament. Prince Aldobrandini, the minister of war, ordered the troops to unite the tricolor with the pontifical cockade; and the minister of the interior was issuing circulars which forbad the servants of public functionaries from going round, and begging presents as of old; which provided for the separation, in the prisons, of boys from older criminals, and of accused persons from those who had been already condemned; and which ordered magistrates to disregard those anonymous accusations which had been so favourably received, and acted upon until

now. What, exclaims our reader, what must have been the administration of that country in which such changes were received as boons!

In Rome itself, there was necessarily some excitement: so long had the people been accustomed to public meetings and processions in honour of Pio Nono, that they could not calm down to their usual avocations. But serious disturbers of the public peace existed not in Rome. Few dreamed of a Republic. Mazzini had scarcely a follower. Ease had been given to commerce by the introductien of paper money, secured on the estates of the convents which the Pope had not scrupled to mortgage for the good of the country; and the interests and the hopes of all, were with the army.

Strange that, amidst such unanimity of feeling, should have burst forth the storm which destroyed the hopes of generations!

The Roman army was on the Po, eager to cross the river and to join the Piemontese who had just invaded Lombardy. Car-

dinal Antonelli, president of the council, had written to General Durando, that Carlo Alberto wished the Roman troops to be collected, in as much force as possible, on the frontier, where they might hold the Austrians in check. On the 30th of March, the minister of war, Prince Aldobrandini, ordered him to put himself immediately in communication with the King of Sardinia, and to co-operate with him. The Pope himself sent Monsignor Corboli, his confidential friend, as legate to the king, with orders to remain in the camp, as representative of the Pope; to endeavour to hasten the conclusion of the custom-house political league of all Italy, which the Pope had always had so much at heart; and to borrow money to pay the expenses of the papal army. Thus far, therefore, the Papal Government was fully committed to the war, and to all the measures of the King of Piemont.

But now it began to be whispered in Rome and in the army, that although the Pontiff had countenanced the war for the

independence of Italy, he would not permit his General to cross the Po and begin active operations. In vain, Durando sent word to the Government that the King called upon him; that his troops were impatient; and that he could no longer keep back the enthusiastic volunteers who burned to attack the Austrians. Prince Aldobrandini and the other ministers would not charge the order to commence active operations upon their own consciences. They did all that, as Christian men and faithful servants, they could do:—they read the despatches to their sovereign; they stated that their own opinion agreed with that of the General and with the wishes of their royal ally; and they tendered their resignation if the national policy was not to be carried out. The Pope would not give the order to cross the frontier:—he had not yet made up his mind:—he was waiting for news about the adherence of Piemont to the Italian League:—they had no need to resign on that account:—they should await the course of events.

"But," said Aldobrandini, "it is not only a question of crossing the Po: it is a question whether our troops shall fight—whether they shall kill and be killed! I cannot take upon my conscience to order this, without the express sanction of your Holiness."

"Let them cross the Po at all events," replied the sovereign. "There will be plenty of time to recall them, if we resolve at last not to take part in the war."

Not to take part in the war! Not to take part in a war that engrossed every thought of every Italian, and which every Italian had almost thought to be a crusade, sanctioned and approved by the supreme Pontiff! Would Italy now acquiesce in so tame a policy, in such conscientious scruples?

Permission, however, had been given to take the first step; and, on the 21st of April, the Papal army crossed the frontier, and encamped on the northern side of the Po.

The Holy Week had just began, and the Pontiff was called upon to perform all those

religious ceremonies, which, for centuries, have attracted to Rome the devotion and the curiosity of the world. Both sentiments urged the Middleton Agelthorpes to witness every religious service at which his Holiness was to officiate; and, like other foreigners, they bestirred themselves to procure tickets of admission to the best places that were to be had. At eight o'clock on the morning of Palm Sunday, Mrs. Agelthorpe, with her daughter and niece, passed down the splendid nave of St. Peter's, and made their way towards the reserved seats, raised on each side of the high altar, for the accommodation of those who had procured tickets of admission to them. The party had heard that these places were usually overcrowded: but nine tickets had been sent to them by different friends, and they thought themselves certain of procuring three good places out of the number. Every seat was already occupied before they arrived. The chamberlain in charge of the tribune shrugged his shoulders as he took the nine orders of admission, and pointed

to the already-crowded benches. It was only by favour of their many friends, who drew closer together, that the three ladies at length found seats in the front row.

"Wherefore, your Eminence," asked Mr. Agelthorpe, a few days later, of the President of the Council, Cardinal Antonelli, for whose superintendence nothing seemed to be too great or too little—"wherefore do you issue more tickets than the tribunes really contain of seats?"

"We so avoid giving offence," replied the minister. "The French ambassador, for example, sends for one hundred tickets, to distribute amongst his friends and countrymen; the Tuscan minister will send for fifty; the Austrian ambassador for one hundred and fifty; Prince Torlonia for one hundred:—it is easiest for us to give all they ask to all, and to let the holders of the tickets fight it out afterwards amongst themselves."

And so all decorum and semblance of devotion was prevented; and the ladies, dressed in black and with black veils in-

stead of bonnets on their heads, sat together and chatted with one another, or with their male friends who stretched over the front balustrade to converse with them. The Pope's chamberlains of Cappa e Spada, as they are called, in the charge of two of whom was each tribune, moved from end to end, assuring those who would still squeeze in, that the seats were already over filled; or endeavouring to persuade the bulk of our fair countrywomen under their charge, not to talk much louder than they would do if they were seated in a public theatre, instead of being in a church.

At ten o'clock, they all spring up and stand on tip-toe on their seats; the Pope has entered by the great centre door;—see, there he is, enthroned and borne aloft on the shoulders of his liveried servants. He makes the sign of the cross to the right and to the left over the prostrate throng; then disappears amongst them, as the throne is lowered and he kneels and adores as he passes the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Again he is upborne on high; and the host

of well-dressed English ladies reluctantly descend from where they stand, and receive his blessing as he passes. The nave above the altar is fitted up as a Pontifical chapel. At the higher end of it, is a throne on which the Pontiff takes his place to receive the homage of his court. The cardinals and high ecclesiastics are in the stalls ranged on each side of the throne. Beyond them, stand a line of the noble body guard, and the foreigners of distinction, who have donned their uniforms to take part in the ceremonial. Here stand Middleton Agelthorpe and about a dozen Englishmen in their deputy-lieutenant or other uniforms.

The Cardinals advanced, in the order of their dignity, to kiss the hand of their sovereign; who then began the service of the day by blessing the palms that were to be afterwards distributed and borne in procession—in remembrance of those the Jewish people had borne on the dread day which this festival commemorates. Every cardinal and dignitary of the Church then again ap-

proached the throne singly, with homage regulated according to his rank, and received a palm from the Pontiff; the *corps diplomatique*, and the different members of the court, followed. The highest in rank only bowed; some bowed and knelt; some knelt three times and kissed the cross on the Papal slipper, ere they were admitted to receive the palm and kiss the hand that gave it; and an English friend laughed and observed aside to Middleton Agelthorpe, "It is just as it was at the distribution of candles on Candlemas day; the more they bowed, the smaller candle they got; so now, the more genuflexions they make, the smaller is the palm bestowed. However, when they saw our red coats approach, they began again upon the full-sized candles. I should like to have one of those large ornamented palms."

Mr. Agelthorpe was now entering the space reserved for those who were to receive them, when one leaned over the rail, and called to him *sotto voce*.

"Where are you going?" asked Lord Rangerleigh.

"To receive a palm from the Pope."

"Well; but I want one too; and this Swiss fellow will not let me pass. Why should not I pass as well as you? My uniform is just the same."

"I am glad to hear our religion is the same," answered Agelthorpe, smiling. "But your name should have been sent in some days ago, and submitted to his Holiness, when you would have received an especial written order like this;" and he shewed him the ticket he himself was about to deliver to the officer.

Lord Rangerleigh slunk back with ill-concealed annoyance; while, on the other side, a different by-play was carried on in whispers.

The French Marquis de Carabas, out of uniform, but in full evening dress, was armed with the requisite order to receive the palm, when a French prelate, who was talking to him, observed that he wore trousers and had ties in his shoes.

"They will never admit you like that!" whispered the prelate; "here, take my

buckles," he said, removing the great silver implements from his own shoes; "take my buckles and fasten them on to your pumps; and if the guard makes any objection to your want of shorts, thrust out your feet and show the buckles. They are an extra size, and may command respect enough for all."

And so people chatted, while this historic, pious, and highly-poetical ceremonial was being performed, until it was time for foreign visitors to approach. Then, one by one, in Indian file, they advanced up that gorgeous nave, and kneeling three times on the steps of the throne, and kissing the papal slipper, each in turn received the symbolic branch from the wearied hand of the pontiff. Each in turn kissed, as he received it, the heavy hand that the Pope supported upon his knee; and then, with lowly reverence, retreated backwards to his place.

The procession then formed itself; and all who had received palms, preceded or followed the high-priest, as he was again borne aloft. They circled that noble basi-

lica, bearing the symbolic boughs in their hands, and singing passages of the Holy Scripture which referred to the events which the ceremonial of the day recorded. As it passed the tribune of the ladies, again the fair Englishwomen stood on tip-toe on the benches: and it was only by calling a Swiss soldier to mount guard beside them, that the chamberlain, who happened to be a pious man, could make them keep their seats during the solemn service that followed; talk below their breaths; and turn their heads aside as they eat the sandwiches with which they had provided themselves.

Lord Rangerleigh leaned beside the tribune, and told Caroline Agelthorpe how shamefully he had been baulked in his endeavour to receive a palm.

"You should become a Catholic," said Miss Agelthorpe.

"Me! Why you are not one yourself."

"No: and till I am, I do not ask for the privileges of the faithful."

"You are speaking in jest, Miss Agelthorpe. Surely you cannot have a thought

of joining the Roman Catholics? You see how little they themselves attend to their own religion: there is scarcely a Roman here to-day."

"I do not think we have left much room for them," answered Caroline laughing.

Lord Rangerleigh pointed to the lofty curtained tribunes for the Roman princesses, raised on each side behind the cardinals, and observed that only two places out of the twenty were occupied.

"Would it not be nice to have a place there?" asked Miss Agelthorpe.

"Hardly worth giving up one's country and religion for!" exclaimed the Englishman, shrugging his shoulders.

The young lady looked thoughtful.

"Where is your Duke What-do-you-call-him?" asked Lord Rangerleigh in a somewhat sneering tone, and evidently connecting Caroline's meditation on the places in the tribune with her Roman admirer.

"He is gone into retreat," she replied; and, as the Englishman looked a question, she added, "it is the custom here for the

young men of the highest families to retire to a monastery for a week or ten days before Easter. Each has a cell to himself, where he thinks over the past year, and forms plans of amendment for the future. They spend the hours in spiritual reading, and meet together several times a-day to hear sermons or lectures from some intelligent priest who is appointed to counsel them."

"Why did not you go into retreat?" she asked, turning to Prince Raffaelli, as that young man leaned over the balustrade, and endeavoured to get up a flirtation with her.

"I?" he replied, laughing. "I had no cause for meditation. I am always pious and recollected. Besides," he added, "if I had gone in, I should have thought only of you during the whole time."

And thus the spectators of these holy ceremonies chatted lightly together during the pauses in the service. Visitors, from all parts of the world, were congregated in Rome, and crowded together in a manner which almost precluded the possibility of

prayer even in the more devotional: and although these latter might be able to collect themselves and, during the more impressive parts of the service, to "lift up their thoughts on high", sursum corda was by no means the character of the meeting. We might, like others, write pious rhapsodies of the religious effect of these ceremonies in the capital of the Christian world; but we have undertaken to shew Rome as it is. Those who sought devotion at this holy season, attended the same services in their own parish churches. The ministrations in St. Peter's, dignified (or degraded) by all the gorgeous display proper to the head of the universal Church and to the temporal sovereign of the state, were for the court and for foreigners, who attended them as they would have attended any other public spectacle. To such as could abstract their minds from the trivialities around; from the squabbles for places and sittings; from the rudeness of the Swiss guards, and the indecorous chatter of spectators,—the temple and the service assumed a character of sublimity,

which made them worthy, as much as anything on earth can be worthy, of the Divinity whom they were intended to honour.

Events are before us which permit us not to tarry to describe the far-famed services in the Sistine chapel; the "miserere" and the papal choir. With other visitors to Rome, the Agelthorpes had attended them all: and, warned by experience of the worthlessness of tickets of admission to the ladies' tribune, Mrs. Agelthorpe had, by the kindness of members of the different legations, secured places in the seats reserved for the ladies of the corps diplomatique. On the Thursday in Holy Week, she would not attend the papal mass in that chapel: but after doing so in her own parish church, hastened direct to St. Peter's, where his Holiness was to go through the ceremonial of the day. The crowd of visitors was immense; and most amusing it was to observe their eager rushing from place to place, and to overhear the schemes by which they hoped to be able to see every thing.

On a raised form in the northern tran-

sept of the church, twelve poor priests, selected from various countries, had sat for more than an hour awaiting the descent of the Pope, who was to wash their feet in commemoration of the action of the Saviour. They had sat there silent and evidently anxious, in the ample white cloaks that enveloped them; and with their right feet, which were alone to be washed, encased in large loose white boots that they might be ready for the papal ablution. The service in the Sistine chapel was over; and the Pope entered St. Peter's and moved towards them. Instantly, so soon as he approached the first of the row of priests, and before they could have seen even this beginning of ceremonial, there was a rush amongst the English spectators,—"That will do," they cried. "We can imagine all this." "Let us hurry to the dinner room, to see him wait on them at table." In a few minutes, their places were vacant; and few remained to mark the kind and gentle manner in which the Pontiff proceeded, in imitation of his Divine Master, to inculcate the lesson of humility and brotherly love.

A private staircase in the walls of the basilica, conducted the Agelthorpes, under the guidance of some kind Monsignore, to the great hall above the vestibule in which a table was laid out for the representatives of the Apostles, whom they had just left in the church below. They soon appeared and took their places; and the Pope, attended by the great officers of the court, shortly afterwards entered the hall. Prince Colonna, who had come from Naples to assert his hereditary privilege, now vied with Prince Orsini, the only other man who partakes the honour, in supporting the successor of those popes, whom their own ancestors had so often made war upon and done to death by wrong and vexation of spirit, if not by actual murder. The table was handsomely laid out, and the Pontiff fastened a napkin and an embroidered apron over the rich surplice in which he was about to wait upon his guests. Then his principal officers of state brought in the platters, and, on their knees, presented them to their sovereign. The Pope re-

ceived them and, with a smiling countenance, placed one before each of the poor priests. This was repeated twice, as the meal consisted of two courses; and once did the holy Father pour out and carry to each one a tumbler full of wine and water. Mr. Agelthorpe regretted to observe the trembling of his hand, as he poured out the drink: and the look of anxiety and care that seemed to be mantling over those noble features, and which was not even dispelled by the evident amusement he found in the scene he was then enacting. Doubtless, his thoughts often recurred to his army beyond the Po; to the excited state of all Italy; and to the war into which he was rushing against his too-powerful Austrian neighbour.

It was the morning of Easter Sunday; the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo had loudly ushered in the festival. Duke Augustiniani had now left his religious retreat: and meeting the Middleton Agelthorpes on the steps of St. Peter's, assisted Duke Quattromali and Lord Rangerleigh in forcing a

passage through the throng which had already gathered in the body of the church, and in leading them to the seats reserved for them amongst the ladies of the diplomatic corps. There the gentlemen were obliged to leave them: and Mr. Agelthorpe wandered through that most noble pile, now decked out and prepared for the greatest festival in the whole year. Candles, lighted in every direction, were reflected by crimson and gold hangings which covered every pillar and every wall. The effect was rich and gorgeous; but ecclesiastical architectural beauty was destroyed. It was now merely a noble hall—the most noble specimen of domestic architecture in the world. And, indeed, the high Pontiff and the sovereign was here to hold high court to day: and Middleton Agelthorpe and the principal gentry had dressed themselves in uniforms or court dresses, as they would have done on any festive reception at St. James' Palace. A double line of soldiers of the Civic Guard kept a wide open passage from the great door of the church to the altar

of the blessed Sacrament; and thence to the upper end of the church, where they were replaced by the Guardia Nobile, decked out in their uniforms of scarlet and gold:—there is no richer in Europe.

In solemn procession, such as we have before described it, the Pope entered the Church, and advanced to his throne at the end of the upper nave. Here again all the cardinals and ministers of state, and members of foreign legations in Rome; all the bishops and high dignitaries of the Church from all parts of the world, clothed in their richest vestments, and bearing the mitres indicative of their quality, approached and did homage in the order of their rank. "Looked upon as a mere courtly reception," thought Agelthorpe to himself, "there is nothing in the universe to compare with this! What other sovereign receives such homage from so many and such various parties so gorgeously attired? What other sovereign has a reception-hall to compare with this magnificent basilica? Here is all the pomp and circumstance of temporal and of ecclesiastical power united in one."

He cast his eyes round him as he so meditated; and started, as he beheld approaching him a very dear friend. "Vernon!" he exclaimed in a whisper, as he warmly grasped the hand held out towards him. "I did not know that you were in Rome."

"Delayed by an accident on the road. Could not arrive before yesterday," replied the other in the same undertone. "But hush!" he added: "his Holiness is returning to the altar;" and he turned aside and bowed, self-recollected and evidently in prayer. Middleton Agelthorpe did the same; wondering, however, at the conduct of his friend, whom he did not know to be other than a high-church Anglican.

The splendid service proceeded: the poetry of the ancient liturgies was assisted by the most magnificent music. The disciples were described as meeting Mary returning from the tomb and questioning her:

> To us, oh Mary say,
> What sawest thou by the way?

The sepulchre of Christ who lives
I saw; the glory that His rising gives.
Angels bearing witness; both the napkin and the cloth.
Christ, my hope, is risen: He will meet you all in Galilee.

Most noble was the strain of music: equalled only by the burst of the silver trumpets that, unaccompanied by any other instrument, rose swelling upon the ear, and appeared to pervade with sweetest harmony every corner of that immense building. The soul of Middleton Agelthorpe was made to understand and sympathize with the impressive scene; and abstracting itself from all that was trivial in the eager curiosity of the noble crowd around him, he felt that God was almost worthily worshipped; that earth, at least, could do no more than bring its highest and its mightiest in art, literature, and science, to build the temple and to perfect the praise. He marked the Pontiff consecrate and receive the communion according to the old, old rite; and only regretted that he, also, had not applied for permission that he might have received it from his hand, together with such of the ecclesiastical dig-

nitaries, as had not already celebrated mass; the senator of Rome and the princes whom we have already mentioned as supporting the throne.

The service was concluded. He and his newly-found friend, Vernon, both together rose from their knees, and seeking out the ladies of their several parties, who were no less glad to meet than their husbands had been, made their way by the same private staircase to the Sala Regia, and through it to some reserved places on the top of the colonnade that spans the noble square in front of the church. What a sea of heads and of civic banners they looked down upon! Dense as anxiety, enthusiasm, and resolve to greet their popular Pontiff could pack them, the Roman people stood on tip toe, with eager faces uplifted towards the balcony at which they expected him. Borne on the shoulders of his attendants, and wearing on his brows the lofty triple crown, he soon appeared in front of the great window. A burst of applause, an enthusiastic shout, a cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" uprose from earth to

heaven, while the excited multitude began, as one man, to murmur aloud the popular hymn in his honour. The drums of the civic guard gave the signal for silence; and then, while every knee was simultaneously bent to the earth, then in that clear, full-toned voice which seemed expressly given to address all the people of the earth, the high Pontiff exclaimed:

"May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord."

"Amen," solemnly chanted the choir.

"Through the prayers and merits of blessed Mary, ever Virgin," resumed the Pope, "of blessed Michael the Archangel, of blessed John the Baptist, of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the Saints, may the Almighty God have mercy on you, and forgive your sins, and may Jesus Christ lead you into everlasting life."

"Amen," affirmed the choir in the same fine monotonous notes.

"Indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins," continued the Pope, "time

for true and faithful repentance, hearts ever contrite, and amendment of life—these may the Almighty and merciful God grant you."

"Amen," responded the solemn choir.

"And," continued the Pontiff, rising on his throne, stretching out his arms to heaven, as if to call down its choicest blessings, and then signing the sign of the cross over the prostrate multitude each time he pronounced the Holy Names, "And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you ever."

The last responsive "Amen" of the choir was lost in the tumult, as, signing the sign of the cross on his own breast, every man in that immense concourse sprang to his feet, and, as if by some preconcerted plan, began to bellow forth the new national hymn that had been composed for their Sovereign. The heart of the holy Pontiff sank within him, with a presentiment of coming misfortune, as he saw the crowd defile towards the bridge of St. Angelo, and heard, for the last time, the

## INNO DI PIO NONO.

Del novo anno già l'alba premiera
  Di Quirino la stirpe ridestra,
E l'invita alla santa bandiera
  Chè il Vicario di Christo inalzò.
Esultate, o fratelli accorrete,
  Nuova gioja a noi tutti s'appresta.
All' Eterno preghiere porgete
  Per quel grande che pace donò.

Su; rompete le vane dimore,
  Tutti al trono accorrete di Pio:
Di ciascuno egli regna nel cuore;
  Ei d'amore lo scettro impugnò.
Benedetto chi mai non dispera
  Dell' aita suprema di Dio!
Benedetta la santa bandiera
  Che il Vicario di Christo inalzò!

## CHAPTER X.

—— a strange old woman stood,
Who, running up towards us, 'gan to peer
Into our faces, in a way not rude
But strangely earnest.

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former governess, Miss Webb.*

"Maundy Thursday is a time of strange holiday in Rome. It is the only day in the year on which the Etruscan antiquities at the Vatican are thrown open to the public. We had just returned from witnessing the Cena, when Don Visconti Augustiniani and Lord Rangerleigh suggested that we should at once proceed to the Museum, to see these Etruscan remains. We readily acceded to the proposal; and adjourned, all veiled as we were, to the Vatican. Of course, the rooms were crowded; and before very long,

we met the Duke of Quattromali, sauntering slowly along the gallery. He joined us at once. But with two Italians accompanying us, both of whom had yearly visited the antiquities, it may be imagined that we were little able to examine each curiosity with the attention and thought we would willingly have bestowed on it. They, of course, infinitely preferred talking to studying. For some little time, I let them enjoy the pleasure of talking to one another; and I heard with perfect indifference, indeed I scarcely heard at all, a conversation on the course of the last hunt, on the merits of the new opera, the probable age of a young American lady, one of the beauties of the season, and other equally interesting and improving topics. But at length, the words 'duel—Del Bari—Cerina,' uttered in Italian, and in a lower tone, attracted my attention; and I listened to what followed.

"'And what were they going to fight for?' asked Don Visconti.

"'Oh, the cause was ridiculous enough. At a *matinée dansante* at Villa Torlonia,

they were both dancing in the same quadrille. Del Bari had been detained by searching for his partner, and then wished to have Cerina's place in the quadrille. A quarrel ensued, and Del Bari challenged his dear friend. Next morning, the principals and their seconds arrived at the appointed place: the pistols were loaded, and the ground was measured out, when Del Bari suddenly exclaimed: 'What a couple of fools we are!' Cerina and he shook hands, and walked about the Corso that afternoon with their arms round each other in the most loving style.'

"'You cannot imagine,' said Augustiniani: 'how strange it seems to us Romans, to see the interest you take in these old figures and vases. We are so used to them that we come here rather to meet our friends, than to look at the antiquities.'

"Here a discussion between one of the custodi and the Duke of Quattromali, attracted our attention. 'Rudolfo always likes to get himself into a scrape if he can,' exclaimed Augustiniani. The fact was,

that the Duke Quattromali had been turning the large figures and vases that are placed on moveable pedestals, that they may be seen on every side, contrary to the rules, which prescribe that nothing should be touched; and the custode was loudly interfering. The young Duke, however, was in very high spirits, and defied the custode, who dared not say much to the son of Prince Fiorentino. This the Duke well knew, and therefore took great pleasure in tormenting the poor custode, who followed grumbling, beseeching, and expostulating.

"A few days after this, Caroline asked Don Visconti to tell us something about the duel; but he denied all knowledge on the subject. I afterwards tried to find out something about it from the Duke Quattromali, but he too had quite forgotten it; so completely had the affair been hushed up. Such are the frivolities of life at Rome!

"The rumours of war that we hear on all sides, will prevent the Roman season, which drew to a close with Carnival, from showing much animation again this year.

During Lent, I almost preferred the weekly receptions to the balls of Carnival. They were more sociable, friendly reunions, where people sipped their coffee and almond milk, and eat their water-ices, with a kind of grumbling resignation; casting occasionally a longing eye at the plum-cake and brioche, provided for the non-fasters and non-catholics.

"'After all, fasting is a matter of comparison,' said the Princess del Borgo, laughing, one evening, as she came and, seating herself beside me on the pâté, joined in a conversation which was going on amongst Mademoiselle de Dixchâteaux, Emile de Vallance, and me. 'We,' she continued, 'think just as much of being reduced from cream to water-ices, as another person would of being deprived of any ice at all.'

"'Yes,' said Emile: 'the deprivation is terrible; and we all take it in a due spirit of mortification; do we not, Mademoiselle de Dixchâteaux?'

"She shook her head, and said with a smile, 'I am afraid we cannot be in a proper spirit while we grumble so much, Monsieur.'

"'That is human nature: in my opinion, we shall soon be des petits saints if we stay in Rome.'

"'Au dire de chacun:' I thought to myself; but I said aloud, 'What do you say, Madame la Princesse, to the little cakes which melt in the mouth? I do not think fasting Saints would eat them.'

"The Princess laughed, and M. de Valance said, 'Oh, those go for nothing, absolutely nothing! Besides, the Church allows them, and we modern saints must be content with following the letter of the law.'

"'Well; it is nothing to me,' said Mademoiselle de Dixchâteaux, fanning herself, and playing with a magnificent bouquet which she held. 'I am only nineteen, and have nothing to do with fasting.' So saying, she rose, and taking the Princess's arm, moved across the room to rejoin her mother the Marquise, who was preparing to leave.

"Meanwhile, our convert friend, Mr. Morley, had been arranging a party with mama for the next day; to visit the Tor de' Specchi. I did not, at the time, know

what the name meant; but on being told that it was the convent founded by St. Francesca of Rome, I became very anxious to see it. Two o'clock was the hour fixed, and we were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Morley, and the rest of the party at the convent. We found them there, and entered the hall together. Near the entrance, sat a very old nun working; she was said to be upwards of a hundred years of age. 'She is supposed,' whispered Mrs. Morley to us, 'to possess the gift of prophecy. She does not always exercise it, but occasionally she says very startling things. Come with me, Caroline,' she added, 'and let us see what she will say to you.'

"Mrs. Morley had been educated at this convent, and knew the old nun well. She took Caroline by the hand, and led her towards the old woman. Caroline resisted slightly, for she did not quite wish to have her fate prophesied. But Mrs. Morley laughed at her reluctance, and led her forwards.

"'Give us your blessing, mother,' she

said in Italian. The old woman did so, and then looked earnestly at Caroline, till she could bear the look no longer, and, colouring, cast down her eyes. Mrs. Morley smiled, and began to talk of us all to her, asking what she thought of Caroline. After praising her appearance, the old nun said something in a lower tone, which I did not catch. Mrs. Morley laughed, and led her away blushing.

"'What did she say?' I asked; 'I did not hear.'

"'After admiring her as you heard,' replied Mrs. Morley, 'the old nun muttered, 'She is made to be a Roman Princess!'

"'What is the question?' asked Lord Rangerleigh, coming up.

"Oh, nothing; only what the old lady prophesied of Miss Agelthorpe.'

"'Oh, capital! What was it, Mrs. Morley?'

"'I shall not tell you, indeed.'

"Lord Rangerleigh ran back to the old nun: and, in a few minutes, returned with an air of vexation, and a colour so consi-

derably heightened, that I saw that she had repeated her prophecy to him.

"We were now shewn over the convent, and saw the body of St. Francesca, which lies in a niche in the wall, and is protected with glass doors. The face is covered with a wax mask. We next saw St. Francesca's cell, with *the twisted beam*; and a little chapel next to it, prettily fitted up. The refectory is a large comfortable apartment. The nuns' cells are larger than in most convents, and in one we were surprised to observe two beds. 'Ah,' said the nun who was our guide, 'that cell belongs to a sister you know: one of the Stederetti. She is afraid to sleep alone, so I sleep occasionally with her.'

"After ascending several flights of stairs, we reached a terrace. And here everything we saw struck us with astonishment. At one end was a little chapel, or rather oratory, separated from the terrace by a glass door. The little altar was profusely decorated with artificial flowers, arranged in remarkably bad taste. But we did not like

to peep much into it; for, before the altar, rapt in the most profound devotion, knelt a nun. We could not see her face, as her back was towards us; but her attitude was one of such devout and earnest prayer, that we feared to disturb her. Our guide saw my hesitation, for I was nearest to her; and laughing exceedingly, assured me that what I saw was only a stuffed figure, and not a real person. On another side, was a grotto representing a hermit's cave; and in one corner of it was fixed a very grim-looking skull.

"'It is to remind us of death,' said the nun. This we could have imagined. Along the front of the terrace were large stone vases filled with artificial flowers. At every step we met with some new wonder. There was as much pasteboard and sham as in a theatre. I turned to Mrs. Morley, and asked the meaning of it. 'Oh!' said she, shrugging her shoulders, 'the poor things must have some place to enjoy themselves in during recreation hours.'

"'And do they find any great amusement

in looking at artificial trees and flowers, and walking in pasteboard grottoes?' I asked.

"'I suppose so, or they would not make them. You do not know how much money has been spent on these decorations.'

"On every landing on the stairs, was a crucifix or figure of the Blessed Virgin, with a vase of flowers before it. There were clocks, too, without end dispersed over the convent.

"When we were again on the ground-floor, we were shewn into the Reverend Mother's cell. It was a large, sunny, cheerful room, plainly yet comfortably furnished, and opening by a glass door upon a delightful flower-garden. Next to it was the little parlour where the Reverend Mother received us, and where one of the Sisters brought in a tray of holy pictures, mostly of Sta Francesca Romana. These the superioress distributed to us, and begged us to keep, in memory of our visit to the convent. She asked us to pray for her, and promised to do the same for us.

"'There is one day in the year,' said Mr. Morley to me in an under-tone, 'on which the nuns may receive visits from any of their friends, male or female. The Duke of Quattromali chose to lunch here with his cousin on this anniversary, which was a few days ago.'

"We now took our leave: paying pretty largely for the sight; for there is a regular admission tariff. When we were once more in the carriage, I fell into a deep train of meditation.

"How different, I thought, has the convent become since the days when it was first founded by St. Francesca! Then the community was a simple order, with a truly religious spirit. How different was her cell from that occupied by the present Reverend Mother! She denied herself common necessaries, in order that she might save money for the poor; and now money without end is lavished on decorations and trumpery. In fact, my visit to the Tor de' Specchi left an unpleasant impression on my mind: which was not diminished by a

conversation which I had, a few days afterwards, with the brother of one of the nuns. Speaking of the Tor de' Specchi, he said, 'Oh! it is one of the abuses which exist in Rome.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'for all the money spent in decorations might have been far more usefully employed.'

"'Sì, sì. But it is not that I mean. But owing to the rule of Sta Francesca Romana, that no nun should take final vows, or even vows for a limited number of years, it has become a very good place for parents to send their disobedient daughters to for a time; or for refractory young ladies, who do not find their homes happy, to betake themselves to, till a suitable alliance can be arranged for them. For instance, the parents of a noble young-lady wish to marry her to a person she dislikes: the young-lady immediately discovers a long-hidden vocation, and wishes to enter the convent of Tor de' Specchi: the parents do not like to resist the will of heaven: the young-lady goes:—stays there till she hears

of a marriage more agreeable to her feelings; then leaving the convent, marries immediately. It has become a saying amongst us Romans, that no girls marry so well or so quickly as the nuns of Tor de' Specchi. My own cousin went in for two months, and came out to be married.'

"'But their hair?' I asked; 'how do they manage to preserve their hair?'

"'Oh, it is never cut off, Mademoiselle; they would not so spoil their good looks.'"

I came to the conclusion that the nuns of Tor de' Specchi were scarcely nuns at all; and that Paulo Stederetti had just supplied an excellent reason against the abolition of monastic vows.

## CHAPTER XI.

More needless still to leave this stirring world,
And force excitement from a world beyond.
Is not the mind of man full often whirl'd
To frenzy? Oft, for objects wild or fond,
Is reason from her seat allured or hurl'd,
As pride excites or sorrows bid despond.

On Easter Monday, Middleton Agelthorpe and the friend whom he had so unexpectedly met at St. Peter's on the day before, were slowly pacing the esplanade at the top of that long flight of steps that still leads to the summit of the Capitoline hill. Mr. Vernon was a man of some fifty years of age, and bore about his person the indefinable but unmistakeable marks of a well-born and thorough English gentleman. Without the pedantry of the scholar, or the roughness of the fox hunter, or the smartness of the fop, he had nothing to distin-

guish him but the manners of a gentleman, as they sat gracefully upon a tall but slight person, crowned with a noble head, whose lofty and expansive forehead was big with thought, and prematurely bald. Arm in arm, the two friends walked up and down before the modern Campidoglio.

"Let us speak of more important matters," said Agelthorpe, after a short pause: "During the service at St. Peter's, yesterday, you knelt and prayed. May I have the happiness of congratulating you upon being a Catholic?"

"Not yet," answered his friend, with a sigh.

"Not yet! After so many years of anxious thought on the subject! When I saw you kneel and join in our service, I thanked God in the belief that your well known Church principles had carried you to the very top of the highest pinnacle of the little temple of Church-of-Englandism, and that you had toppled over from thence into the broad bosom of the Church of all nations?"

"It was a mistake," answered Vernon, reservedly.

"Nay, Vernon; excuse me," said his friend; "I will not press you, as the subject is evidently painful; but we have spoken much of it in former years."

"And we will speak of it still," replied the other, after a momentary pause of evident hesitation. "Yes, Middleton; if I am a coward, I will rather ask your sympathy than endeavour to conceal it from you. You would soon read my heart and my motives."

"A coward! my dear fellow, what can you fear," exclaimed his friend, "You are not like some of the zealous clergy of the Established Church, who have had to sacrifice their livings, which, to many, were their real livelihoods; you are not like so many wives and young people who have, in these last few years, had to brave the displeasure of husbands and parents and kinsfolk for conscience sake. Brought up without any profession, independent of all expectations, with a large inherited landed estate, which makes you independent of all the world, who or what can you fear?"

"I fear you, Middleton," replied his

friend. "I fear you, as an old English Catholic, and all the others of your set. I am as independent as man can be; but it is a weakness to talk of independence. No man is independent. If he needs nothing else, he needs the social sympathy of his fellows. This it is that I fear to forfeit; and, if you will have it out, this it is which makes me a coward, and prevents me taking the fatal plunge."

"I am amazed!" exclaimed Mr. Agelthorpe; "I cannot understand you."

"Let us speak plainly on the subject," answered Mr. Vernon, "since I have began my confession. You and I are too old friends, for us to have any reticence between us. You know how many years I have studied religious controversy; you know that, when last we met, I owned myself unable to answer your arguments. Look at that ancient milestone taken from the Via Appia. I could as well look at the inscription upon it, and doubt that it marked the first mile from what was then the centre of the pagan world, as I could attend the

service yesterday, and doubt that Rome is still the centre of the Christian world, the city of the faith. Understand, therefore, that with me the question is no longer one of controversy: and we need not consider it in that light. But, knowing all this of me, you may imagine how anxiously I have marked the fate of others who have gone over to your Church. I have watched them with a personal anxiety, so to say; that I might form an estimate of what would be my own reception amongst you."

"Every Catholic would congratulate you," said Middleton, "and bless God that He had shown you the truth."

"Are you quite sure of that?" asked his friend. "Religiously, you would do so; spiritually and charitably: but are you quite sure that, in your own bosoms, in the bosoms of you old English Catholics, there would not be some little feeling as if somebody was trying to intrude into your own hallowed circle? I remember that when the Corporation Reform Act was carried, Sir George Gibbes, of Bath, who was a man of

no small eminence, and one of the half score corporators who returned two members to Parliament, — wittily complained, saying, "They have taken my nice glass of wine, and dashed it into a bucket of water, and now they tell me that I may share the diluted drench with the rest of the householders."

"What can you be driving at!" exclaimed Agelthorpe.

"Are you quite sure," continued Mr. Vernon, "that your secret feelings, unavowed even to yourself, have never told you that these converts make English Catholicism less distinctively the religion of gentlemen, as Charles the Second called it?"

"Quite sure," answered Middleton, but in a somewhat hesitating tone. "At all events, if such a thought has ever crossed my mind, I am quite certain that none other of our old English Catholics have felt it, or been influenced by it."

"Be it so;" said Vernon. "But why then do I not see you give a warmer welcome to those who join you? Every sectary in England receives with open arms those

who embrace his sect. If a Catholic gentleman were to become a Protestant, do you not think Lord Shaftesbury and Co. would welcome and make much of him?"

"The cases are different," . . . .

"I do not see the difference," continued Mr. Vernon smiling. "Have you called upon the Holdsworths?" he asked abruptly.

"We have exchanged cards," answered Mr. Agelthorpe with some hesitation.

"Exactly so," replied his friend. "You have exchanged cards: and that is all the brotherly greeting you have given to a gentleman of fair family and fair estate, who, with his wife and daughters, has lost the sympathy and support of old Protestant friends to join your religion!"

"I know nothing about his family and estate," remonstrated Agelthorpe.

"And what," urged Vernon, "what do you know of the family and estate of half the people whom you visit? Holdsworth comes here in the guise of a gentleman: his family have all the appearance of people well born and well educated: they take an apart-

ment, and live in the style of other English gentry; they bring letters of introduction. If they had been Protestants, you and others would have received them at once as equals: but because they have become Catholics, Protestant families look upon them coldly, and fear to allow their children to meet, lest they should be contaminated, while you, Middleton Agelthorpe, you the old Catholic, quietly say to yourself, 'Who is this man? He is not one of us? He has not intermarried with our cousins, and aunts, and sisters, and grandmothers. We cannot receive him into our *intimité*, as the French call it.' So that, whereas you would gladly have associated intimately with his family had they continued Protestants, they have absolutely lost caste in your eyes by becoming Catholics!"

"My dear Vernon!" cried Agelthorpe, "where could you have picked up such absurd ideas?"

"So his patron, Cardinal D'Este, asked the author of the Orlando Furioso; and I reply, as did Ariosto, 'from yourself.' I have

watched you and your friends, as I before said," replied Vernon; "and my wife, who, I need not attempt to conceal from you, is a worldly-minded woman, has watched you more than I have; and has always called my attention to what she observed. She reminds me that we have daughters and sons to establish in the world; and that we are not so old ourselves, that we should like to lose our present position, in Catholic as well as Protestant society, to be received in the former as poor Holdsworth is received—that is, as if he had just escaped from quarantine, and you doubted whether he was quite free of the plague."

Middleton Agelthorpe laughed nervously.

"I am quite aware," continued Mr. Vernon, "that my talk is most worldly and unworthy of the greatness of the subject with which we began this conversation. But I told you that I was a coward in the matter, and I wish to shew you that I have cause to fear. There are two points of view in which Mrs. Vernon looks upon the question,—and I tell you that she is as near

being a Catholic as I am, and is kept back by the same prudence,—timid prudence, if you will:—'if,' she says, 'if we look upon it in a spiritual point of view, surely all must admit that the Almighty shews more favour to those who are brought to the truth by an especial individual call, than to those who inherit it by no effort or sacrifice of their own; and if we are to look upon it in a worldly point of view, it does not follow that the families of those who kept their religion in England, are older or better than the families of those who fell away at the Reformation.'"

"There is as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, you mean to say," interposed Agelthorpe, laughing.

"Exactly so," continued Vernon: "my wife says, that we were all Catholics once, and that, unless our gentle blood was defiled by becoming Protestants, it flows as purely in our veins now, as it would have done if we had continued Catholics."

"Then you will not allow us any merit," asked Mr. Agelthorpe, "for having clung to

our religion through centuries of persecution? for having sacrificed ambition, property, often life itself, rather than abandon it? for having kept the religion alive in England at every cost, that it might hereafter receive to its bosom converts, who have done nothing to deserve so great a blessing?"

"Not allow you any merit? my dear fellow, do not so misapprehend me," replied Vernon. "You are all hereditary confessors, and deserve almost to be canonized as such. But the charge against you is, that you so pride yourselves upon your own merits, that you have no sympathy or fellow-feeling for us. These poor Holdsworths drank tea with us last evening, and we had much talk, I may as well own it, of you, and of other old English Catholics, and of their own position in Rome. Perhaps you will think that we were guilty of rash judgment, and of a want of charity: but we got out one of your prayer books, and, after studying the questions which you put to your own consciences before confession, we drew out several others which we thought

worthy of consideration. Shall you be offended if I read them?" he asked, taking a paper from the breast pocket of his coat.

"Oh, by no means!" answered Agelthorpe, laughing. "We always say, that you converts profess to know our religion better than we do ourselves."

"I am not a convert yet," replied Vernon; "and I encounter so many warnings at home and abroad, that it is by no means certain that I ever shall be one. Here, however, are what we called the 'Addenda to the Examination of Conscience for you English Catholics':—

"'Have I felt proud that my ancestors held to the faith in former times, instead of thanking God for his grace, or praying that they may be forgiven the sinful family pride which, perhaps, made them do so?

"'Have I welcomed with brotherly charity converts in these latter times? Have I endeavoured to smooth the difficulties to which their conversion may have exposed them; to compensate to them the loss of their old Protestant friends and connexions,

and to make them feel at home amongst us?

"'Have I sought the society of Protestants in preference to theirs; and have I so made them feel that, by becoming Catholics, they have lost caste even in my own eyes, and that I should have clung to them formerly as Protestants where I now slight them as Catholics?

"'Have I, in fine, sinned, in their regard, against any of the social charities of life, and so brought scandal upon the religion which, I am proud to say, my family has professed for centuries?'"

"Bravo!" cried Agelthorpe; "while such is your rash judgment and your slanderous opinion of English Catholics, I quite agree that you ought not to join us. I suppose your friend Mr. Holdsworth thinks that all the Roman princes, and the Pope himself, ought to have called upon him to thank him for the great honour he has conferred upon them by becoming a Catholic!"

"It is sport to you, but death to me," observed Vernon. "Thank heaven that

you, my friend, never knew the horrors of doubt in so momentous a matter as that of your religious faith; nor the still greater horror of not being able to follow out your conscientious convictions without sacrificing the social position of your children, and displeasing those whom you leave without being welcomed by those whom you join. But," he abruptly added, after a momentary pause of deep feeling, "you know more of Rome in these latter days than I do. Tell me, what mean the cries and the tumult that we hear down there on the left hand."

"I have been wondering at them for some time," answered his friend. "They seem to come from the Ghetto, the Jews' quarter. Let us go down and see what is the matter."

From the Jews' quarter, indeed, the uproar arose. For the last twelve hundred years, these necessary witnesses to the truth of prophecies which condemn themselves, had been confined to a narrow strip of the city on the north bank of the Tiber, between the Ponte Sisto and the Ponte Quattro Capi: hemmed in by walls within bound-

aries much too small for their increasing population, they had been subject to every species of tax, inquisition, cruelty, and indignity. At one time, they had been made to run races through the Corso during Carnival, until they had exempted themselves by supplying horses instead for the amusement of the Christians. The kind heart and liberal mind of Pius the Ninth had revolted against the iniquitous system of minor persecution under which he found them suffering: he had emancipated them from many restraints, and had checked the exactions levied upon them by the small police of the city. The Jews were grateful: the Roman people applauded. It had now become known that the sovereign was about to favour them still more: to cast down those walls and portals which, insulting and degrading in their object, had prevented the circulation of fresh air amongst the seven millions whom, at one hour after sunset, they every evening imprisoned within that narrow space. The intention of the Pontiff like every other plan or thought of

the government, had been revealed in the popular clubs; and an applauding populace decreed that they would steal a march upon the liberal government. To the cries of "Viva Pio Nono!" they gathered, and marched down the Corso and across the bridges from Trastevere. Ciceruacchio was at their head. This well-meaning but ignorant fellow, had not been insensible to the flattering attentions which, as we have before stated, the emissaries of Mazzini had been instructed to lavish upon him. From a well-meaning blackguard, who had hitherto only felt proud of his person; proud of his influence amongst his fellows; proud of being a Roman; and, above all, of being a native of Rome beyond the Tiber; proud of having a popular Pope, and of having been permitted to intrude the devotion of the rabble somewhat too closely upon his sovereign—from such a well-meaning powerless blackguard, he was fast changing into a political theorist—dreaming of the independence of Italy, and of a temporal government at Rome. Still, however, he shouted

"Hurrah for Pio Nono!" as he led his tumultuary followers towards the Ghetto.

The old gates were soon torn from their hinges; and, broken into shivers, fed a glorious bonfire. The old walls were next attacked. Where thousands worked with right good will, their demolition was not a work of time. In one hour they were rolled up, a crumbling ruin; while amid the clouds of dust that uprose in the hot April sun, the rioters shook hands with the emancipated Jews, and uttered shouts for Pio Nono, for liberty, and for the independence of Italy.

The kind-hearted Pontiff was much annoyed by this occurrence. His own intention had been worked out; but that which would have been received from him as a favour, seemed to have been wrested from him, and carried against his government by a disorderly mob. He began to fear and distrust the populace, whose acclamations he had once received with so much favour.

## CHAPTER XII.

Would that nought spoke! Did silence reign around,
How well his heart could fill the desert plain!
Did no fresh race encumber all the ground,
How would he people every haunt again!
But, 'mid the jarring voices that resound
In these dread scenes, the mind can scarce retain
Illusions formed and fondly loved at home:
The saddened scholar asks—"Can this be Rome?"

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former governess, Miss Webb.*

"I GAVE you some account of our Roman fox-hunters. We have had more English doings in the old Campagna; and have startled its memories of the past by the sight of English races and steeple-chases.

"It was decided that the sport should last two days. The races were to come off on the first: these were very fair, but less exciting than the steeple-chase; so I will pass on to the latter. As may be imagined,

the ground was crowded with people. There were all the English, of course, who came for amusement, and to support their countrymen. There were the Roman princesses, who came to show off their splendid equipages; to be seen, and to see the novelty. Lastly, there were the Contadini, who came to look on, and laugh at the Inglesi. Our carriage drew up in the line, and our equestrian friends came up to chat with us; and others to persuade us to take seats in the stand. This, however, we declined doing at first. A handsome open carriage, drawn by six horses, took its ground beside us. The horses were adorned with the gayest ribbons; the coachman and two footmen were dressed in rich liveries.

"'I cannot make out Duke Graziano's arms,' said papa, maliciously looking towards the panels.

"'A gridiron and baker's oven, probably,' replied Prince Augustiniani carelessly. 'The Duke is the son of a baker, he continued, seeing that I looked surprised: the Duchessina was one of the very

first families, but she was ambitious of possessing a handsome palazzo, equipages, etc. D'ailleurs,' he added, 'il faut convenir that the Duke is a remarkably handsome young man, with quite an air noble about him. But hush! here he comes.'

"I looked in the direction to which he signed, and saw him approaching. He is a tall young man, and certainly is remarkably handsome. On his arm, was the young Duchess. She is a very little person, and though decidedly not pretty, there is something so pleasing about the expression of her soft blue eyes and her smile, that those who know her never think for a moment of her want of beauty. Indeed, when speaking of her to one of the young Stederetti, he was astonished that I did not think her pretty. 'You do not know her,' he said, 'or you would think her beautiful. She is *un ange de bonté et de charité*. Indeed,' he added warmly, 'ask any of the poor in Rome whether the Duchess Graziano is not beautiful, and hear what they will tell you!'

"But meanwhile the lady had walked to her carriage, and her husband, after handing her in with an air of great politeness, had left her. The Castellonia carriage was of course there: drawn by its six beautiful English bays, with out-riders, and all decked out with ribbons and scarlet liveries. But the Princess was not well, and in the least degree possible out of humour with the whole affair: and so she kept aloof from the other carriages.

"Before long, we determined to enter the stand, where all the English, and most of the Romans, were already assembled. As I seated myself, I saw my friend little Anna Barberini in the midst of a formidable phalanx, consisting of her father, uncle, aunt, and duenna. She caught sight of me, and nodded with a smile.

"People around me could talk of nothing but the steeple-chase. The gentlemen had been all examining the fences and measuring the ground. The young ladies openly professed their belief that all their male friends would break their arms, legs, or

necks. Lord Rangerleigh walked about boasting of all the achievements he intended to perform: and I myself was, at last, seized with an attack of the popular panic; and the more Lord Rangerleigh boasted, the more I calculated on the probable chances of his coming off with a broken arm, if with no worse accident. However, he repeatedly assured us that he was by far the best rider in Rome.

"At last, the eventful hour arrived, and Julia Vernon, who was seated beside me, declared that she should shut her eyes the whole time, lest she should see anything terrible.

"And now they set off! The eyes of all the spectators were anxiously fixed on the competitors, who were numerous. Every one felt more interested on the present occasion, than they had been at the races, as the horses this time were all ridden by the gentlemen, and not by their jockeys. There was one exception to this rule, however, in the case of Prince Augustiniani. His horse was ridden by Prince Raffaelli. The Mar-

quis de Valance had got but a short way, when he was detected in the act of taking a sly cut across a corner, and was sent back to the starting point. But, in spite of this little contretemps, he soon regained his ground.

"In a short time the riders were lost to our sight, and only appeared again at intervals. Mr. Vernon, who stood directly behind me, was provided with a small telescope, and a plan of the ground. He offered me the use of both; but I found the plan the most interesting of the two, and left Julia to the undisturbed possession of the telescope.

"And now the riders appeared once more fully in sight. The first was Prince Raffaelli; the second was the Marquis de Valance. The Prince was, however, greatly a-head of the Marquis. He had nearly reached the winning post, when he curved slightly out of the course, and passed it on the wrong side. He could not pull up for a hundred yards, and then, turning back, reached the post again, just as the Marquis

arrived there. But this slight mistake cost poor Prince Raffaelli the prize, if not the honours of the day. It had, in fact, rather lengthened his course, but it was contrary to the rules, and the Marquis de Valance was adjudged to be the victor by the Roman Jockey-club. One by one, the other horsemen came in, slowly and disappointed, all but Lord Rangerleigh, who was nowhere! For some little time nobody thought of him. At length Mr. Vernon exclaimed, 'Why, where is Rangerleigh?'

"'Oh! ah! what has become of him?' 'What can have happened to Rangerleigh?' was echoed on all sides. 'I thought he was going to win the day, and shew us all up!' said one of the laggard riders with a laugh. 'Why, he said he was the best rider in Rome!' sneered another. Thus did they console themselves for their own misfortunes and defeats.

"'But seriously, gentlemen, something may have happened to him,' expostulated Mr. Vernon, when the laugh had in some degree subsided.

"'Yes, messieurs,' said Emile de Valance, 'you had really better try to find his bones. But you see that France has won the day, as usual.'

"In a few minutes Lord Rangerleigh appeared, looking remarkably crest-fallen. He has not since been heard to boast that he is the best rider in Rome.

"Before we left, the carriage of the Duke of N——d chanced to be drawn up beside ours. His Grace had lately visited the Vatican by torchlight; and, while a Roman was telling us that he refused to pay the usual charge of ten scudi for torches and attendance, I saw him buy a bouquet from a poor woman on the course, and give it to the Duchess. But the woman begged for another quattrinello, and declared her bouquet to be worth more than he had given. His Grace took the flowers from the hand of the Duchess, and, returning them, took back his copper."

## CHAPTER XIII.

> Italians then, as ever,
> Were warring 'mong themselves, and still the prey
> Of foreign despots and invaders. Never
> Would they unite for self-defence, and lay
> Their feuds aside.

The character of Pius the Ninth had been subject to misconstruction in his own States, and still more so in foreign countries. The interests of revolutionists and the dread of despots had alike represented him as a rash innovator; as one who courted the mob for the sake of popularity, and who fomented disturbances in other States of Italy, in the hope of annexing some addition to his own territory. With a kind heart and liberal tendencies, that had prompted him, at the beginning of his reign, to empty his jails of

political prisoners, and to make some of those administrative changes which the five Great Powers had so long recommended; with an intelligent patriotism which had made him first imagine a custom-house league which should unite all the States of Italy, and which was to lead to a kind of German federation that should settle the quota of troops that each State should supply to an army of Italy, to be maintained, for the protection of all, under some one General whom all were to concur in nominating—a plan which would take off from him, an ecclesiastic, the imputation of personally making war; with such liberal and enlightened views, Pius the Ninth was, above all and beyond all, a Pope. Moral and pious from his youth upwards, he looked upon himself in a spiritual light, and revered his own person as that of the Vicar of Christ. The States of the Church he considered to be a charge committed to his care for the well-being and independence of the Church; and he was jealous lest the political combinations and necessities of the

times should infringe upon that spiritual independence which it was his duty to exercise for the benefit of all. Firm in matters of religion, he was timid and vacillating in matters of temporal policy, lest they should infringe upon those duties of the high priest, which, in his mind, were paramount to all others.

His timid conscience took alarm whenever the liberal party made any move against the Church and its ministers; and, as he had rejoiced at the respect with which religion had been treated by the revolutionists who had dethroned Louis Philippe, he was terrified by the attacks which the rabble had in Italy made upon the Jesuits and other clergy. Such outbursts led him to fear lest he had been too rash in loosening the despotic bonds in which his predecessors had confined their subjects; while the accusations promulgated against him by political priests in Austria, who affected to look upon him as a schismatic who was disturbing the Church with new fangled revolutionary principles, distressed him beyond measure.

When we say, in short, that Pius the Ninth was not equal to the crisis which convulsed Europe in the midst of the reforms that he had initiated, we only say that he was like all other continental sovereigns and people. After the event, it is easy to proclaim what ought to have been done; but of the time of which we write, no one of those who now blame the Pontiff could tell him how to act without compromising either his character of temporal sovereign or his character as Pope. Pellegrino Rossi, who was then minister of France at Rome, gave prudent warning that the feeling in favour of Italian independence was a sword that would be turned against the Pontiff, unless he himself grasped the handle and directed it; but Rossi could not tell him how to do this consistently with what he thought he owed to his position as Pontiff and spiritual father of those on whom he was urged to make war. The Pope himself had imagined a means of solving the difficulty by proposing the Italian federation; but Italian Princes had their own personal

views of aggrandizement which such a league would have checked. Carlo Alberto of Piemont, indubitably thought that the north of Italy could be conveniently added to his own kingdom, and therefore refused to join the league; and even the treacherous King of Naples, though he appeared to approve its formation, annoyed the Pope by demanding that Ancona should receive a garrison of Neapolitan troops, to protect it against Austria, and retain it for himself.

But these scruples, however much they might distress the soul of the Pontiff, did not allay the public enthusiasm, did not check the public voice that insisted upon a spirited prosecution of the war for the independence of Italy. The ministry felt the necessity, but could not obtain full liberty of action from the sovereign. The sovereign hesitated; delayed; said that he was about to publish an address (an allocution) to the cardinals, and that, in it, he would give his definitive resolve. The ministry took the initiative. Unanimously, with Cardinal Antonelli, president of the council, at

their head,—unanimously they drew up and signed a memorial, in which they recorded how universal had been the feeling in favour of the war for national independence; how they had yielded to it, so far as to give arms and officers to the volunteers; and how they had been compelled to break through the fiction that had sent them to guard the Papal frontier only, by ordering the General to cross the Po and to cooperate with the Piemontese army. This state of indecision, the ministers urged, could no longer continue; and, while they assured his Holiness that they would not presume to express an opinion on what he might determine in his spiritual character, they explained to him that the state of public opinion made a national war so absolutely necessary, that any declaration against it would seriously compromise the temporal authority of the Holy See, and produce revolutionary disturbances which they would be unable to control.

This address, signed by all the ministers, was presented to the sovereign on the Tuesday after Easter Sunday. His Holi-

ness read it carefully;—anxiously;—but made no answer whatever. Three days more passed on, and nothing was known. It was understood that the ministry would resign if any declaration were made against the national war: but the hours flew by, and nothing was said; and the all-important Allocution, in which the Pope was to decide so much, was drawn up and printed without consultation even with Cardinal Antonelli, the president of the Council.

On the 29th of April, the much-expected Allocution was read by the Pontiff to the assembled Cardinals. The members of the Government awaited without the hall, in suspense indescribable. The President, Antonelli, first rushed out with his printed copy in his hand; and, to one who stopped and questioned him, hurriedly replied, "I cannot say. I could not quite catch the purport of so long a document read to us in Latin. Come with me, and let us look it over together."

We cannot give the whole address. It began by expressing how deeply his Holi-

ness felt the accusations which charged him with being a revolutionist, when he had only attempted to carry out some of the administrative reforms recommended, years ago, by the five powers. It lamented, still more, the attempt that had been made in Germany, to alienate men's minds on that account from the Holy See. It told the people of Germany, that they should not impute to his Holiness, that he had been unable to restrain his subjects from expressing delight at the revolutions in Lombardy, and from feeling on such matters like the other people of Italy. "Other sovereigns of Europe," it said, "who have much larger armies than we, have not been able to withstand their people. We, however, have only sent ours to the frontier to defend the territory of the Pontifical States.

"And now," continued the Allocution, "now as some people desire that we, like other nations and princes of Italy, should declare war against the Austrians, we think it right to proclaim, clearly and openly, in this solemn assembly, that nothing can be

further from our thoughts than to do so; because We, however unworthy, occupy on earth the place of Him who is the Author of peace, and the Lover of charity: and because, in virtue of our supreme Apostolic office, we embrace all people and all nations in the same paternal love. If some of our subjects are drawn away to imitate the other people of Italy, in what manner can We restrain their ardour? . . . As for ourselves," continued the Allocution, "we declare once more that the Roman Pontiff gives all his thoughts, his care, his anxiety, to increase every day more and more the kingdom of Christ, which is the Church; not to enlarge the boundaries of the civil principality which Divine Providence has given to the Holy See, in order to secure its dignity and the free exercise of the Apostolic supremacy. It would, indeed, give joy to our heart if all our cares and anxieties could tend to quench discord, to conciliate those who are at war, and to restore peace amongst them."

We have ill shown the feeling of the Ro-

man people, if the reader does not anticipate the angry excitement which was necessarily aroused by this proclamation. On the following day, all the ministers tendered their resignation.

On the populace and the club orators who, however infidel and anti-catholic they might be, had, for some days with strange inconsistency, loudly demanded that he, whom they would have to declare war against Austria as a temporal Sovereign, should also, as Pope, excommunicate it,—on the populace, who then only clamoured for war and excommunication against Austria, the Allocution posted upon the walls of Rome, fell like a thunderbolt. Those who had friends and relations in the camp beyond Po, instantly imagined their fate, if they should fall into the hands of the enemy: and a placard was immediately posted, which worked up this good feeling to madness, by representing a fact which was said to have just occurred:—it showed a sketch of a young Roman painter who had joined the army, and had fallen into

the hands of the Austrians: dressed as he was in the uniform of the Roman civic guard, they were said to have hung him up to the nearest tree, and to have put on his breast a scroll which bore, "In this way, we treat the soldiers of Pio Nono." Family affection and national pride were alike aroused by such a picture; and forth rushed the demon of revolution, which so many had long invoked in secret.

Ciceruacchio strode through the streets, and collected his mob. Sterbini harangued in the club rooms, and in the public squares. Prince Doria, Duke Rignano, and Prince Corsini rushed from mob to mob, and from club to club: Count Mamiani, a political exile lately returned to Rome, laboured, not quite in vain, to prevent the rabble from proceeding to pillage and open rebellion. All the old feeling against an ecclesiastical government was revived: and curses, loud and deep, were heard against Antonelli, the only Cardinal in the ministry, and the others to whom the Allocution had been addressed.

"Death to the Cardinals!" was the new

cry that uprose for the first time. "Death to the Cardinals!" "To the gates, Romans! —To the castle St. Angelo, before the Cardinals get possession of them!"

A number of the civic guard collect on the noble bridge and march up to the portal of the castle.

"Qui vive!" cries the sentinel.

"The civic guard! Romans! brothers! the Pope has sent us to garrison the fortress with you. Let us in, for heaven's sake! Do you not hear the row in the town? Are we not brethren?"

And the fraternisation was complete; and the civic guard, admitted within St. Angelo, soon let in others of their fellows, and held the fortress for the people of Rome.

At the different gates of the city, at the custom-house and public offices, similar scenes occurred. In the course of a few hours, the civic guard held them all: the gates were close shut; none were admitted nor allowed to depart; and the Catholic Archbishop of Tuam is said to have spoken his mind to those who garrisoned the Porta

del Popolo and refused him permission to leave the city.

"Death to the Cardinals!" shouted some of the mob, as a carriage came from the Piazza Borghese. "Stop him!"—"Stop thief!"—"It is an Austrian"—"a German spy!" cried the shop boys and the idlers as they looked from their doors, or raced after the carriage. The coachman flogged his horses manfully; a cabbage stalk knocked off his hat, and a rotten egg broke itself against his whip arm; but he kept on his way, and outstripped the mob. His horses galloped up the hill, and the trembling cardinal was able to escape through an open wicket into the gardens of Monte Cavallo.

Sentinels of the civic guard were placed at the house of every Cardinal to prevent his exit, lest, as the rulers of the mob pretended to believe, he should go to plot against the people: and, as a matter of course, the all-powerful rabble inflicted many indignities upon their prisoners. The Pope had need of the Cardinal Vice-Chancellor, and sent his own carriage with his

major-domo and one of his secretaries, to bring him to the Quirinal.

"Where is your written order?" insolently demanded the officer in command of the party who had stationed themselves in guard in the great palace of the Chancellor.

"Written order!" exclaimed the major-domo, "when the Pope sends his own carriage and his major-domo, who ever heard of a written order?"

"You shall not have him without," sulkily replied the officer.

An hour afterwards, the carriage returned, and in it was Prince Rospigliosi, commander-in-chief of the civic guard. He drove into the ample court, and calling to the officer, told that he was come to fetch the Cardinal by order of the Pope.

"Pope! who cares for the Pope?" exclaimed the same subaltern. "The Cardinal is a traitor and a prisoner."

"But, gentlemen," remonstrated Prince Rospigliosi, while he endeavoured with difficulty to keep down his anger, "I have a positive order from the sovereign, and I believe you are under my command . . ."

"He shall not go, I tell you!" exclaimed the same subaltern.

"I shall like to see who will stop him, when I bring him down with me," answered the Prince as he moved towards the stairs.

"We will stop you both!" retorted the fellow. "Help, comrades," he cried to the soldiers. "Keep him back! keep him back!"

They rushed to the bottom of the stairs, and presenting their bayonets, drove the old prince back to his carriage. His grizzled whiskers and moustache curled themselves in anger at the unwonted insult, and his face became crimson with rage, as he heard the hissing and hooting of the fellows when the carriage drove out of the courtyard, and he returned to tell the sovereign how he had been received.

The war of classes had begun. It was for the Roman princes and laymen, who had been so impatient of the ecclesiastical system, because it had debarred them from all share in the government,—it was for the Roman princes now to show whether they

were capable of taking and keeping the ground from which the clergy had been removed. Such incidents as we have recorded, did not promise much for their future.

Yet some of them carried and won favour with the clubs and the populace. The Prince of Canino had always thrust himself forward, half madman and half buffoon, suggesting the most extreme measures, and damaging the cause of rational freedom; Princes Corsini, Rignano, and Pamphilj Doria, because more temperate, were more respected by the mob whom they flattered. All rushed to the Club; and a meeting of fifteen hundred members,—surrounded by an immense multitude, and protected by the civic guard without, and by a small body of the same commanded by Ciceruacchio, within the hall,—decreed, by acclamation, the independence of Italy at whatever price. Other propositions, outrageous to the Papal government were made, but set aside by the plausible and quiet phrases of Count Mamiani; who was, at length,

appointed to head a deputation to the Pontiff, which should demand the formation of a ministry composed entirely of laymen of known liberal principles. Cardinal Antonelli received the deputies with his own peculiar manner, ever varying between dignified severity and extreme friendliness, while Prince Aldobrandini and the other ministers in another room of the palace, were in conference with the radical peers, as we may term Rignano, Doria Pamphilj, and Corsini, and were urging them themselves to undertake the formation of a government. "We ourselves have resigned, as you know, and only hold our portfolios *ad interim*. Take them you. You are the best able to keep the mob quiet, while you carry out the policy which we all know to be necessary."

"Impossible!" said Prince Doria; "the people trust you, if you will work out the national policy; and how do you think that we could carry on the government in opposition to it?"

They all departed; and the deputation,

returning to the clubs, reported that they had conveyed to the government the wishes of the people.

"Morte ai Cardinali"—"Death to the Cardinals!" "Down with the blacks!" shouted the mob: "it is they who are opposed to the nation, and would keep down the people of Rome."—"To the post-office, Romans! Seize their letters, and let us discover their intrigues!" "To the powder magazine! Let us take possession of the ammunition they would turn against Rome!"

Away sped the infuriated rabble. Some seized upon the hackney coaches and cabs, and private conveyances they met, and made the coachmen drive them to the powder magazine at St. Paul's gate; while the less warlike rushed to the post-office and demanded all the letters that were addressed to Cardinal Antonelli and the other cardinals and prelates. It was a novel thing to see a mob of gentlemen in hackney coaches smoking their cigars and driving furiously along the streets to assault a powder magazine! but away they went; and without

even a threat that the burning ends of the cigars should be cast into the vaults to fire the powder, the whole was delivered up to the assailants by the fraternizing soldiers, who had charge of the ammunition. The post-office clerks made no stronger resistance; and away the rabble sped with the letters to the high dignitaries of the Church thrust into their greasy caps and pockets.

"I have got one directed to the Pope!" cried one fellow.

"Some of mine are addressed to the Cardinal Grand Penitentiary!" cried another.

"Uh!" exclaimed the fellow near him; "then we shall see all about the sins of all the world!"

"What fun it will be!" shouted a third; and away they hurried to the Capitol, that the municipality, which met there, might open the letters in their presence, and read them aloud to the mob. Prince Corsini, the senator, was about to gratify them, when the minister of finances, Simonetti,—in whose department the post-office was,

and who had heard of the tumult, thrust himself forwards.

"To me, to me, those letters!" he cried, as he stretched across the table and collected them. "Prince Corsini, I marvel at your condescension to such an unworthy demand. You should rather have died at your post than so disgrace yourself. And you, Romans—do you still call yourselves so? Spies rather; spies who disgrace the name of Rome: tyrants, who claiming liberty for yourselves, and clamouring for war against the Germans, would check in others even the freedom of writing, and would commit a breach of public confidence that would dishonour the Croatians you scorn!"

There was much clamouring and many threats; but Simonetti had possession of the letters, and bore them back triumphantly and unopened to the post-office.

His Holiness meanwhile was in a state of agitation and anxiety that can scarcely be described. He could not understand how his allocution should have produced such a tumult. A set of revolutionists had in-

sinuated themselves amongst his Romans, he said; and this was the reward they gave him for all his liberal reforms; this was the encouragement he received to induce him to carry out his own liberal wishes! Nothing, however, should induce him to give way; rather than do so, he would fly from Rome one of these fine days, and leave it a prey to its own factions. Then, in more relenting mood, the perplexed Pontiff would retract what he had said, and professed that he never meant to abandon the cause of Italy; that if they would only find some method in which he could say so without appearing to contradict himself, he would proclaim it to the people if they would only be quiet.

In such useless hesitation, and in vain attempts to form a new ministry, the day wore away, while the excitement in Rome increased. Then one of the ministers suggested that as, in his allocution, his Holiness had expressed so much desire for the reestablishment of peace in Italy, he himself should, at once, proceed to Milan, and

offer himself as a mediator between the armies. Wild as was the idea, it was approved by many; the proposed journey would be a means of removing the Pontiff from all danger of personal violence, and from the influence of old illiberal counsellors, who still hung about the Roman court. The Pope himself rather approved the plan; and sent instant messengers to the representative of the Milanese provincial government to ask him what he thought of it. These disturbed the poor man in his bed at half-past twelve at night; he grumbled, and was out of humour, and threw cold water upon the scheme, while he turned himself again on his pillow.

The Commercial Club was, also, at work late that night; and it was with difficulty that Mamiani and the moderate party could delay more violent measures by proposing another deputation to the sovereign, to insist upon a hearty cooperation in the war for the independence of Italy. To forestall the presentation of this, Mamiani was himself summoned to the Quirinal next morning,

and was asked to undertake the formation of a ministry. This he, at once, refused to do; assuring his Holiness that the present ministers could well carry on the government if they might only give the people some pledge that the cause of Italy should not be deserted.

On the 1st of May, the Gazette contained a notice that "the ministers who had resigned, only held their places till others could be appointed, and that, unanimous as they had ever been, they were busied, with true Italian hearts, in taking measures to carry out what their own conscience told them the present state of things made needful for the good of the State and the cause of Italy." Thus was the government made to contradict the allocution of the sovereign; while the Pope himself, without consulting any of his ministers, put forth, at nightfall, a proclamation in his own name. It was a curious document! Reciting all the liberal measures which the Pontiff had, "of his own free will, and after consulting all the Cardinals, granted up to

that time," it told how gratefully they had been received until revolutions in other parts of Italy awakened a feeling of nationality in which many of his own people had joined. It told how, when they had rushed to arms and had been provided with officers, he had distinctly ordered them to stop at the frontier of the Papal States. He had told them, it said, in his last allocution, that he would not declare war; but although he could not prevent his subjects from rushing to join those who were fighting for the cause of Italian nationality, he had taken measures for their safety by placing them under the immediate command of the King of Sardinia. His allocution had occasioned tumults which threatened to stain the streets of Rome with innocent and venerable blood; this was all the return for so much love! *Populus meus, quid feci tibi?* Let them, however, beware. In such cases, could the spiritual power, which God had given, remain idle in his hand? "Let all learn once for all," continued the proclamation, "that we feel the greatness of our dignity and the strength of our power."

Was ever, in this world, such a curious state of things? The philosopher will smile on recollecting that, only two days ago, the liberal party in Rome were clamorous that the Pontiff should launch against the Austrians that very excommunication which he here threatened to fulminate against his own subjects!

But the words of Pius the Ninth had no longer their pristine influence. The charm was broken. Old and bitter feelings against clerical rule had returned and again possessed every heart. Suspicion and hatred predominated every where. The ministers were disgusted with their own anomalous position, under which a constitution had been drawn up and published, on the provisions of which they had not been called to deliberate; under which the question of peace or war had been debated and decided without their concurrence and against their advice; and a proclamation was now issued privately by the sovereign unknown to them:—the ministers were disgusted with their position, and felt, that the first princi-

ples of a constitutional and responsible Government were violated in their persons. They positively refused any longer to hold offices in which they were powerless: and Count Terenzio Mamiani was sent for to form a new ministry. He agreed to do so, on condition that he should be permitted to follow out the principles of his predecessors in regard to the national Italian cause: and that no ecclesiastic whatever should hold a place in his ministry for civil affairs. The ministry for foreign affairs was, therefore, divided into two, and a Cardinal was entrusted with the exclusive and entire management of that branch of it which concerned only ecclesiastical interests. Prince Doria Pamphilj was made minister of war, and the Duke of Rignano minister of the public works. The other appointments of Mamiani were judicious, and satisfactory to the people: and, although the popularity of Pius the Ninth had been grievously shaken, it was hoped that all might again go on well.

We fear that, to some of our readers,

these details have been tedious: but we promised to give them an account of the Siege of Rome: and we cannot begin to batter the Eternal City without telling them what led to so dire a catastrophe. Let the young ladies and gentlemen who were caught by the first division of our title, console themselves with the consideration that the quarrel, between the Italians and their domestic and foreign despots, is not yet ended: that the political position of Rome in the map of Italy is still most interesting; and that events are at hand which may make them rejoice that they have, unwittingly and unwillingly, learnt some things which they will be glad to remember hereafter.

"I cannot agree with you," said Middleton Agelthorpe to Mr. Ollier, who argued that a severe blow had been given to the Pope's temporal government, by the appointment of an exclusively-lay ministry. "The Pope is temporal sovereign and head of the Church: so is Queen Victoria: and there is no more reason why Cardinals and prelates should administer the temporal

affairs of Rome, than for making Bishops and Archdeacons Ministers in England. If his Holiness can understand constitutional Government; speak and act in all matters of temporal policy through the ministers only; and prevent ecclesiastics from meddling with civil matters, and laymen with spirituals, there is nothing to prevent his government from working as well as that of England. Heaven only grant that he have not scrupled too long to yield to the wishes of the people! The devil has been raised amongst these ruffians, and who will now have power to lay him? See this paragraph in the *Pallade* newspaper of to day:"—and he read as follows:—

"A surgeon from Faenza, named Angelo Zauli, was slain yesterday by the blow of a stiletto, near the Palazzo Rospigliosi, at Zagarolo. Poor surgeon! We must admit, however, that he was not popular with every one. The devil! how strange to go from Faenza to die at Zagarolo! It seems impossible. There are certain cases, certain combinations which are inexplicable. Let it

pass. Only we give notice that there is not a corner in the world that can hide those who, for just motives, are justly pointed out."

"Why, here is organized assassination!" exclaimed Ollier.

"It either means that or it means nothing," said Agelthorpe. "And this *Pallade* newspaper is the popular organ. Verily, Ollier, your Roman friends are a set of ruffians!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

—— soon tears enough to fill
A well-sized flask came forth. My hand she took
And grasped it, wildly crying, "Be so kind:—
Let me go with you—take me up behind."

*Letter from Mary Agelthorpe to her former governess, Miss Webb.*

"You reproach me that I write with reserve, and do not give you any details of matters which you insist must be more interesting to a young lady in her eighteenth year than steeple-chases, churches, and antiquities. But, my dear Miss Webb, recollect that, when I write to you, a sense of decorum and gravity, proper to a pupil addressing her respected teacher, comes over me. However, as I think I understand what you want, I will now give you a full history of a very romantic courtship.

"'Are you going to St. Peter's this afternoon?' asked Mrs. Vernon of us. 'There is to be a grand canonization, and everybody is going.' And so we went also; and I, remembering my first visit to St. Peter's, was doubly glad that I should not have first seen it on such an occasion.

"The expenses of such ceremonies as were now performed are defrayed by the religious orders or families to which the newly-canonized saints belonged, or by the governments of the countries of which they were natives; and as the building committee of St. Peter's charges one scudo for every nail put into the walls and used for the hangings on these occasions, it has been its interest to put in as many nails as possible. On the day I refer to, the walls and pillars were quite concealed beneath crimson tapestry and wax lights. The altar was a perfect blaze of light. Above it, was a picture of the newly-proclaimed saint ascending to heaven: and round this painting, were hundreds of wax candles, arranged in fanciful figures of crowns, crosses, stars, etc.

"We took our places in the crowd, and I was amused, in no small degree, by the remarks I overheard from behind me. As the people were perpetually pushing and jostling one another—each fighting for a stand in the front row—those near me were constantly changing places. I, however, stood firm, and thus had the benefit of hearing the beginning of one person's sentence, the middle of another's, and the concluding words spoken by a third.

"'Now, mind you look out, Mrs. Thompson,' said a short, fat man, who looked like a butler, to a puffing, panting, middle-aged woman, who hung on his arm like a bag of potatoes: 'mind! keep your eyes about you. The Pope 'll be here directly."

"'Well,' responded Mrs. Thompson, 'do you mind and give me no . . . .'

"Here they were pushed on by another party, and then there was a general crush: in the course of which the people behind elbowed me, and tried hard to make me give way. This rush was succeeded by a murmur that the Pope was coming. The

people behind pushed harder than ever, but I was resolute. Until now, Swiss soldiers only had formed a line down the church; now the Guardia Nobile appeared.

"'Oh dear! only look, ma! Who are those?' cried one of two young ladies, who, with their mother, were established behind me.

"'Hush, my dear: those are the Pope's Noble Guards.'

"'Are they really? What a rich, graceful dress they have! Have not they, Fanny?' said the young lady, appealing to her sister.

"'Very beautiful. But only see, Jane, that tall one. What an air he has about him! Mama, do not you think he must be somebody?'

"'Of course he is, my dear child. They're all somebodies. Do not you know that they are the Pope's NOBLE Guards? All—every one of them young noblemen!—the first in the land! Why, no one is admitted who is not noble.'

"'Well, then, I am sure that one is

some great prince. Just see, Jane, how he swings his . . . .'

"'Hush! be quiet, do, Fanny? The Pope and *all* the Cardinals are coming. Oh! I do wish I were in the front row. One cannot see a bit here.'

"And now, indeed, the Pope and a few of the Cardinals made their way up the church. I at once recognized Cardinal Altieri, with his bustling activity. Then Cardinal Antonelli, with his erect figure, proud, determined step, and quick eagle-eye. In all, however, the Pope was not attended by more than five or six Cardinals. We all knelt to receive the blessing of his Holiness as he passed; but the Guardia Nobile knelt also, and with their spurred boots pushed us back: and formed such an effectual screen, that it was quite impossible to distinguish the features of the Pope. He knelt and prayed awhile at the high altar, then the Guardia Nobile and Swiss guards moved off, and there was a rush from the church. The ceremony had all been performed in the morning. The Pope had

only come now to pay his devotions to the newly-canonized saint. And now there was peace and tranquillity in the church, and I could listen to the beautiful music, and say my prayers quietly. But oh! it was a sad contrast to my first visit; a sad, sad falling-off from the simple grandeur, the holy calm and stillness which then reigned in the Church; and most sincerely in my heart did I thank Don Pasquino for the judgment he had displayed in his choice of the day and hour for my first sight of St. Peter's.

"Let us return, however, to the Guardia Nobile. Petted and courted by most of the English, they are the constant appendages to every little English carpet-hop or musical party, and are generally supposed by them to be of the highest rank of nobility; whereas they are sometimes the younger brothers of the high gentry; generally, the sons of small country nobles. Their pay is twenty-five scudi a month: two horses are kept for them: and they are obliged to shew that they have an income of ten scudi

a month more. Two brothers belonged to the Guardia Nobile, in reference to whom I saw the reverence exhibited by my unknown neighbours in the crowd strongly exemplified. At Rome, the English residents about the Piazza di Spagna looked upon them as being amongst the highest families in Rome: and I was asked by one English lady, whether I knew 'the young *Marquis* Stederetti?' Another informed me that 'the young Marquis Stederetti was quite above going out hunting,—as, indeed, his position was far superior to all that sort of thing.' Soon afterwards, I accidentally overheard, at a large party, a lady and gentleman discussing the Romans, such as they believed them to be. 'And do you know the young *Prince* Stederetti?' asked the lady. 'Why, no,' replied the gentleman, shyly and abashed. 'Oh! he is one of the most fashionable young men in Rome. We know him most intimately,' continued the lady, in a tone and with a manner which sufficiently shewed how proud she felt of the acquaintance.

"Caroline will not dance with any of the Guardia Nobile, unless to rid herself of some disagreeable partner. As to their not condescending to hunt, the probable reason is that the horses the Pope keeps for them are not up to the work. All this is understood by the Romans: and their feeling of good-nature towards the Guardia Nobile amounts almost to contempt. 'He cannot be of a very good family, or he would not be a Guardia,' I have often heard them say. 'He is not even good enough for a Guardia!' is an expression of the strongest irony. The Guardia Nobile are exempted from abstaining, but not from fasting. Their exemption from abstinence is in consideration of the fatigue they undergo in the service of his Holiness. As far as I know, their most arduous duty is that of attending the Pope at St. Peter's on solemn occasions; for, as they are then obliged to rise very early, they are obliged to leave the gayest balls the night before much sooner than they would otherwise do. Their duty of attending his Holiness in his daily drives is

very heavy, judging by what I was told by one of themselves:—'If the Santissimo Padre,' said he, 'chooses to drive a little further than suits our convenience, we organize a rebellion: one or two of us represent to the Pope that he is wearing us out; that he, who is in the carriage, has no idea of the distance we have ridden, etc. The Santo Padre is immediately touched with compassion for our exhausted condition, and turns back.'

"'The Pope knows us all apart by name,' said Pietro Stederetti to Caroline one evening. 'I and a brother Guardia escorted him the other day to Santa Maria Maggiore. A number of poor followed his Holiness into the church, and surrounded him, asking alms and impeding his progress considerably. We spoke to them repeatedly, but they paid no attention, and the Santo Padre could scarcely move. At last I drew my sword, and held it as a barrier to keep off a woman with a baby, who was particularly clamorous. The Pope, however, turned to me, and said reprovingly,

'Signor Pietro Stederetti, let the people alone; and put up your sword; it might hurt some one.'

"It is very convenient, however, to have the Guardia Nobile, the Chamberlains, and Swiss Guard for your friends, as, of course, they have the power of making themselves very disagreeable, or of assisting you greatly, at the Sistine Chapel, or at St. Peter's, during Holy Week and at Christmas. At St. Peter's, during the exposition of the handkerchief of St. Veronica and other relics, we were under the especial protection of the Tuscan Minister. Mama was on his arm, I was escorted by his nephew, and Caroline was on the arm of Prince Raffaelli, who, though of high rank, had not the privileges of the Corps Diplomatique, before whom the Roman princes and even princesses are obliged to give way. The Tuscan minister advanced to the front row, with mama; all giving place to them. His nephew also went forward with me, and the magical words 'corps diplomatique' opened the ranks as instantly as did 'open

sesame the door of the robber's cave. But Prince Raffaelli was no diplomatist, and Caroline was pushed back into the third row; but Lord Feilding, who was standing, in uniform, in the first row, noticed her, and perceiving that she could not see anything, forced his way through the second row, and addressing Prince Raffaelli, said in French, 'I am afraid, sir, that mademoiselle cannot see anything. My place is a very good one, and if she will take it, I shall be most happy to resign it to her.'

"Of course, Caroline thanked him for his courteous offer, of which she gladly availed herself. But her good fortune was not to end here. Two tall Guardia knelt directly in front of her; but in a few minutes, the tallest touched the arm of his companion and made him a sign, on which they drew apart, leaving an open space before her, directly opposite to Pio Nono, to whom she was quite close, so that she was, in fact, better placed even than the corps diplomatique; thanks to the kindness of Lord Feilding and her tall friend the Guardia. On

many other occasions we have been indebted to the kindness of the officials, but in particular, to that of the Guardia Nobile, in return for which I generally snubbed them on every opportunity where their services could not be called into requisition, so that I was once jestingly told by a young Guardia, when Caroline had forgotten her engagement to dance with him, that he suspected I was at the bottom of her forgetfulness; for that I was an inveterate enemy to himself and all his brother Guardia.

"Having explained who and what the Guardia Nobile are, I proceed to fulfil my promise, and to describe to you that very romantic courtship.

"However surrounded by antiquities, however novel the scene before them, there is one duty which it is impossible for ladies to neglect long; I mean the business of shopping. A lady must devote a day to shopping every now and then, even though she were at Jerusalem. And so, one afternoon, we drove out for this express purpose.

"Mama having gone into an embroidery

shop to make some purchases, Caroline and I remained in the carriage. For some reason, we were not talkatively inclined, and each remained looking out on her side of the carriage in silence. I fell into a deep meditation, which was broken by hearing two men, who were breaking stones on the road, begin to discuss the love affairs of a young lady and gentleman of historic Italian families.

"We drove on through several streets; and at last, stopped again before the door of a linendraper's shop, when mama again got out, leaving us as before. In a moment or two, Caroline touched my arm, and said in a whisper, 'Have you remarked that man?'

"'What man?' I asked in surprise.

"'A man who has been watching us ever since we stopped before the embroidery shop. He was there, close beside the carriage, with his eyes fixed upon us; they are the blackest and most piercing I ever saw. When we moved, he walked on beside us, still with his eyes fixed; and when

the carriage went too fast for walking, he actually ran to keep up with us. Oh, there he is again!' she added: 'standing at the door of that shop opposite. Really, Mary, it is very odd!'

"I turned in the direction which she had indicated; and saw, peeping through the half-open door, the head of a young man, who might have been called handsome, but for a remarkably unpleasant expression which pervaded his whole countenance. His eyes certainly were, as Caroline had said, large, black, and so piercing as to be almost dazzling. He had a good nose, and a peculiarly small mouth, of which fact the gentleman seemed perfectly conscious; for his little black moustache was cut so as to show his upper lip. He had a row of beautifully white and regular teeth, which he was perpetually displaying by a sort of smirk. His jet-black hair was brushed up, and turned into a curl. His eyes were fixed most disagreeably on Caroline, who dared not look that way for fear of encountering his gaze.

"'I really cannot stand this any longer;'

she said at length, to me: 'the man does nothing but stare; do change places with me.'

"I did so; and no sooner had she changed her place, than the man, after buying a neck-cloth, emerged from the shop, and crossing the street, planted himself once more directly in front of poor Caroline. It was all she could do to help bursting into a fit of laughter; but she turned her back resolutely upon him, and appeared deeply engaged in conversation with me. The gentleman pulled out a cigar, and began to smoke composedly. I was now able to take a good view of him. He was very tall, and exceedingly slight; he wore a pepper-and-salt coat; inexpressibles of the most extraordinary zebra-pattern, which made his appearance more peculiar. He had straw-coloured gloves, and flourished a stick with an enormous carved ivory handle. I had time to observe all these particulars, for mama was more than half an hour in the shop, and the gentleman never moved. At last, mama came back into the carriage,

and we drove away. Our friend did not follow us: and he was no sooner out of sight, than out of mind: so that we said nothing to mama of the occurrence. About three days afterwards, we were again out driving, when one of our horses, notwithstanding their copper shoes, slipped, and fell on the smooth lava pavement. While the servants were busy helping him up, again Caroline nudged me slightly; and, looking round, I beheld our friend, standing close to us. We drove on, and, paying a visit to Princess Sciarra, lost sight of him. From Palazzo Sciarra, however, we proceeded to visit Marchesa Ricci, and on leaving her, again beheld him, perseveringly following us.

"That evening, mama had a headache, and papa went alone to a small reception at the Palazzo del Borgo. During the course of the evening, Caroline said to mama, 'You cannot think how we were plagued the other day by a man staring at us.'

"'At you, say rather,' I remarked, 'his attention was certainly bestowed on you;

for when we changed places, he went over to your side.'

"'What man? When do you mean?' said mama, who was lying on the sofa.

"'I suppose he was some impertinent shopman, or something of the sort,' answered Caroline; 'but he followed us to-day again, and it is not pleasant to be so stared at.'

"The conversation now turned on other topics, and the matter dropped, as we then thought, for ever. But it was destined to be otherwise.

"Next morning, at breakfast, papa remarked, 'I have made a new acquaintance, young ladies; and you may expect to see him to-night, for he asked me when we were at home, and I said in the evening. One of the French attachés ran after me to introduce him just as I was coming away. He is a young Count Castagna or Castone, or some such name. He is rather good-looking.'

"'It is very annoying that he should come and interrupt our reading 'Rienzi', I said.

"Yes. I shall ask Don Pasquino to come and play at chess with *me*, and leave you ladies to entertain him. He cannot speak a word of anything except Italian, I warn you:' said papa, as he rose from the breakfast-table.

"Evening came, and we adjourned, as usual, into the yellow drawing-room for tea. Caroline brought out her favourite crochet, and began to make a collar; seating herself beside mama, who was making tea.

"In a few minutes, Don Pasquino came in; and, after a little conversation, papa and he sat down close to the fire to play at chess. Before long the door opened, and 'Count Castagna' was announced. A young man, whose face seemed strangely familiar to me, entered. I could not recollect where I could possibly have seen him before. Papa rose, and having introduced him to us, was soon again engaged in his game of chess. Mama hates speaking in Italian, and I am not yet very au fait at it. Caroline, therefore, taking pity on the poor man, said to him, scarcely raising her eyes from her crochet,

'what beautiful weather we have to-day.' This at once put the Count at his ease; and he entered into conversation with her across the tea-table; edging his chair nearer and nearer as he spoke. Caroline's Italian does not go very far. She saw that neither mama nor I were disposed to afford her any assistance, so she presently inquired whether the Signore Conte did not speak French.

"'No, Signora.'

"But perhaps he understood it? she really could speak so little Italian. No! the Count did not even understand French. Poor Caroline was in distress! Just then papa asked Don Pasquino why he had not brought his children; and at the same time, said that I had better run across the terrace and fetch them. My seat beside Caroline was thus left vacant, and the Count immediately took possession of it. The rest of his conversation with her, was carried on in so low a tone, as rendered it inaudible to the rest of us. But as Caroline afterwards repeated it word for word to me, I shall give it according to her account. I

meanwhile was playing at chess with young Marforio del Tevere.

"'Do you know me, Signora?' asked the Count, as soon as they were thus seated tête-à-tête.

"'No!' said Caroline in surprise, 'I never had the pleasure of seeing you before.'

"'Are you sure? Look at me, Signora; I am sure you know me.'

"Caroline raised her eyes for a moment from the crochet, and in an instant, recognized the 'impertinent shopman.' But with her recognition, came a conviction that she had better *not* know him.

"'Ebbene, Signora? Do you know me now?' Caroline persisted in her denial. 'Do you remember, months ago, when you went one day to the Vatican, and found it shut? While the Signore Agelthorpe went to inquire when the museum would be opened, you walked up and down with the Signora, and the other young lady.'

"'Well?' said Caroline.

"'Do you not remember the Guardia Nobile who was pacing up and down!' Ca-

roline did perfectly remember this circumstance; for we had, at the time, expressed a wish that he were one of those whom we we were acquainted with, as the time would have passed more pleasantly, if we had had some one to talk to. Caroline, therefore, replied, that she did remember seeing that guardia.

"'I was that guardia, Signora.'

"'Indeed!' said Caroline quietly.

"'Do you remember,' continued the Count, 'being at St. Peter's one afternoon during Holy Week?'

"'I was often there during Holy Week,' she replied.

"'And on one occasion you were there with a Principe Romano, Don Luigi Raffaelli.'

"Caroline assented.

"'You were kneeling in the front row, Signora?'

"'Sì, Signor.'

"'Two of the guardia were directly before you. The tallest moved, and made his companion move, that you might have a

better view of Sua Santità. *I* was that tall guardia.'

"Caroline expressed herself much obliged to him for his courtesy: but he proceeded onwards. 'Do you not remember seeing me twice, when you were driving out,' he asked. 'I am *sure* you must have remarked me, for our eyes met. Do you not remember me, Signora?'

"Caroline shook her head.

"'But you changed your place, Signora, to avoid me.'

"'Oh! Signor Conte, you *must* be mistaken.'

"'But our eyes met.'—'Impossible.'—'But I stood opposite to you.'—'Well, Signore, I am not obliged to remark every gentleman whom I may see in the streets of Rome.'—'But I followed you.'

"'Did you?' said Caroline coolly, with a manner that seemed to imply 'That was your affair, not mine.'

"'You paid a visit to Marchesa Ricci. I know *him* very well. He is an old friend of mine. Did you not remark that you lost sight of me for a street or two?'

"'Really, Signor; if I did not remark you at all—'

"The poor Count was baffled for the time, so he changed the subject. 'You expected me this evening?' he asked.

"'Not certainly. We thought it possible that you might come.'

"'How could you doubt it for an instant? You might be sure I should gladly avail myself of the permission to come whenever I could see you.'

"Caroline fidgeted; thought the man very disagreeable, and wished he would go; so she told us that she yawned, as a gentle intimation that it was getting late: but the Count was beyond taking such hints.

"'Your name, Signora?' he asked.

"Marforio, having caught a word or two, eagerly bent forward to hear what was going on. Caroline, who all this time had kept her eyes fixed on the collar at which she was working so industriously, suspected a design in Count Castagna's question. She therefore replied that her name was 'Carolina.'

"'*Ah, ma il vostro nome di famiglia?*' said the Count anxiously.

"She gave it. Count Castagna's eye sparkled, but he heaved an extravagantly deep sigh, and drew his chair still closer to Caroline.

"'He had better ask her at once if she is the one qui est si riche,' muttered Marforio to me.

"The Count sighed again, still deeper than before, and, 'Ah,' he said 'I feared it was so. I was told that the young lady who had only one name was going to be married to Prince Raffaelli, and I feared it might be you; but still I hoped that it might prove to be l'altra signorina.'

"Here Marforio gave such a comical side-glance at Caroline, that she had great difficulty in keeping her countenance.

"'The report was true: was it not?' continued Count Castagna. 'You are going to be married to him, are not you?'

"'No, Signor; the report was perfectly false.'

"'Then I shall live!' exclaimed the Count.

"Caroline bit her lip; for indignation and laughter were striving which should be uppermost. Indignation gained the mastery, and she raised her eyes for a moment with an inexpressible look of disdain. The Count seemed slightly abashed. Fortunately for him, mama at that moment was going to place a saucer full of milk on the floor for Caroline's little dog; and the Count, springing forwards, took the saucer from her hand, and going on one knee, himself offered the milk to the dog. Then again he seated himself; and Caroline, by way of stopping his conversation, asked if he did not play at chess. 'Oh no; it is too serious a game for me.'

"'You have not sense enough for it,' thought Caroline.

"'I play a very little at draughts,' said the Count; 'it is a much more interesting game than chess.'

"'Just as I thought,' said Caroline to herself; 'it does not require any sense to play at draughts.'

"'Do you play on the piano?' asked

Count Castagna. Caroline replied in the affirmative.

"'Will you favour me?'—'Anything to get rid of you,' thought she; and she sat down to the piano. But the Count seated himself beside her.

"'Signora,' he said, 'I have thought of nothing but you ever since I first saw you at the Vatican. Long ago I should have been introduced to you, but I was in deep mourning, and could not go out.'

"And much more did he continue to say in the same strain, to Caroline's great annoyance. At last, seeing Marforio and Bianca were going away, we ran after them, and accompanied them to the entrance-hall. Marforio, boy as he was, was highly amused at Count Castagna's proceedings, and enjoyed Caroline's mortification.

"'Addio!' he said: 'tell me when our friend Castagna pays his next visit. N'importe, Caroline; you are at least sure that there is no mistake here; for this one took pains to find out your name.'

"'And *must* I go back and face that

odious man?' said Caroline to me with a look of despair. 'I will go to bed.'

"I told her that was quite out of the question, and she resigned herself, and returned to the drawing-room. After some little time, she asked the Count if the Pope would be at the Gesù next morning, as we had heard that he was likely to be there. Count Castagna replied that he did not know, as he was not on duty this week. 'But,' he added, 'I will ascertain it for you with pleasure.'

"'Oh, pray do not trouble yourself,' said Caroline.

"'Nothing could trouble me that was for you, Signora. I will find out for you, and bring the answer to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. But shall I be able to see anybody at that early hour? To whom can I give the answer?'

"'The servants will be up,' said she.

"'The Count looked disappointed, and I saw that he had expected that Caroline would herself see him, and receive the answer. At half-after-eleven the Count de-

parted; he and Don Pasquino having each tried to outstay the other; but Count Castagna triumphed. He took his leave as soon as he saw Don Pasquino going.

"Next morning, at precisely eight o'clock, the maid entered our room with Count Castagna's card, which she presented to Caroline with his compliments. On it he had written that his Holiness would be at the Gesù at ten o'clock that morning. That same afternoon he called, but we were not at home. 'Mais, ma chère,' exclaimed Marforio del Tevere, 'the man must be mad to pay two visits in one day.'

"'Oh yes,' said Don Pasquino, his father, 'he is mad, for love of Mademoiselle Caroline's beauty . . . . . or her fortune,' he added, in a whisper to Caroline.

"Next day, we went to look at the fortifications of Saint Angelo, under the guidance of our kind friend, Don Pasquino. Caroline did not accompany us. She went out driving with a party of friends. On descending again after we had gone over the whole of the castle, I beheld Count Castagna, look-

ing as self-satisfied as usual. He was, however, disappointed at not seeing Caroline, and asked whether we should not be at home that evening. Papa having replied that we were engaged, the Count begged to know whether he might come the next evening, which permission papa rather reluctantly accorded him. When we returned, and informed Caroline of the Count's promised visit, she was anything but pleased, and implored papa and mama to let her go to bed, and avoid seeing him ; but to this they would not consent. Indeed we all laughed at and teazed her a little bit.

" Next evening, the Duc d'Harcourt, the new French ambassador, came in ; and was soon followed by Don Pasquino and his children. Papa and the ambassador sat down to chess ; mama and Don Pasquino to a little tea and a great deal of talk. Caroline established herself with a formidable body guard, to await the arrival of her tormentor. She engaged Marforio to play at chess with her, and placing Bianca just behind her, and me on the other side of

Marforio, thought herself quite protected from the Count's approach. Before long, he entered; shook hands with mama, and bowed to the rest of us; then cast rather an indignant look at Bianca and me, for blocking him out. By some means, I know not how, he contrived to slip into Bianca's place, while she got up for a moment, and thus established himself close to Caroline's ear. But she went on, of course, with her game of chess, conversing in French with Marforio. In a few minutes, a pawn fell. The Count sprang up.

"'Do not incommode yourself, Signor Conte;' said Marforio, carelessly, with a species of civil contempt. But the Count was already sprawling, at full-length, under the table, in search of the piece. Marforio shrugged his shoulders. His father smiled satirically, and the Duc d'Harcourt laughed outright. The Count having succeeded in finding the piece, reseated himself, and the game went on. Count Castagna now leant his head sentimentally on his hand, and heaved a few tremendous sighs.

"'J'ai peur que votre amant est malade,' said Marforio to Caroline in French, adding in Italian 'Scacco alla regina;' and then in French, 'he leans his head on his hand, as if he had a bad head ache, and he sighs as though suffering severely from indigestion.'

"Here the Count raised his head, and told Caroline that he had seen her that day on the watch-tower of Palazzo Sermoneta. He then began to describe his own palazzo: assuring her that it wanted but little to put it in perfect repair. Again he sighed, and the boy, Marforio, slily announced that he was going to look at the game between papa and the Frenchman. Caroline laid her hand on his arm, and implored him to stop. He sat down, therefore, and the Count, after a few remarks, asked Caroline at what hour mama would be at home the next day, adding that he wished to see her alone. Caroline said she did not know. Here Marforio escaped.

"'Would twelve suit?' said Count Castagna; 'or shall I ask the Signora?'

"Caroline did not answer: and played with a chess-man.

"'Signora,' said the Conte, 'have I your permission to offer my addresses—in short, to ask you in marriage of the Signora?'

"'No! davvero!' exclaimed Caroline, unable any longer to restrain her indignation. Marforio returned at this point, and, catching the last sentence, heaved a deep sigh, in imitation of the sighs of the Count.

"'You will kill him, Caroline,' said the boy in French; 'how can you be so heartless?'

"The Count now begged Caroline to play on the piano. He evidently did not relish Marforio's looks, though he could not understand his words. Caroline, however, excused herself. Marforio and I now sat down to a game of chess; and no sooner were we out of the way, than Count Castagna continued to urge his suit.

"'And *will* you not love me?' said he in a thorough whine. 'Bella Signora mia, tell me that you love me!'

"Caroline, who, on our departure, had taken up her crochet, and never raised her eyes from it, now turned towards the Count

and said, coldly, 'In Italy, Signor, it is not the custom to speak of these things to a young lady.'

"'Ah, no!' exclaimed the Count; 'but it is in England; and you, Signora, are English.'

"'But I am in Italy, and would rather conform to the Italian custom.'

"At this point, Don Pasquino looked at his watch, and remarking that it was ten o'clock, told his children it was time for them to go to bed. They obeyed immediately, and their departure caused a slight stir, which interrupted the Count's tender conversation. While we were occupied, saying good night to them, Count Castagna sat down to the piano, and played, very softly, a little air. No one paid any attention to it, and Caroline was too angry to thank him. I pitied the poor man, and murmured 'Grazie tanto,' which did not at all console him for Caroline's indifference. I must here mention that, as is usual in Italy, in speaking to strangers, Caroline addressed him always in the third person,

'lei.' For part of the first evening, he used the same form of expression to her. In the latter half, he addressed her by the pronoun 'voi,' used among friends; but he now spoke to her with the 'tu.' She resolutely persisted in keeping to the 'lei.'

"Don Pasquino, who delighted in a little mischief as much as his own son, Marforio, now began to talk to mama in English, but, as if afraid that what he said should be lost, he obligingly translated what he said as he went on, first into French for the Duc d'Harcourt, and then into Italian for Count Castagna, who winced under each stroke of his sarcasm.

"'The Italians are not sentimental,' said Don Pasquino, 'not in the least.'

"'No,' said the ambassador, 'the French are the most sentimental people.'

"This Don Pasquino translated instantly for Conte Castagna's benefit. 'No,' continued Don Pasquino, 'the French are a degree worse than the Italians. The English are worse still.'

"'*Ah sì! lo credo!*' said the Count, sighing.

"'The only sentimental nation,' continued Don Pasquino, 'is the German.'

"We all exclaimed in surprise, but he went on. 'Yes. The Germans are the most sentimental of any. If a German is disappointed in love, he hangs himself. That is what I call true sentiment. *Qu'en dites-vous, M. le Duc?*'

"'Of course it is the proper thing to do,' replied the Frenchman, glancing at Castagna, 'though shooting is still preferable.'

"'The young lady is then convinced of his love,' said Don Pasquino.

"'And of what use are her convictions to him?' asked the Count; and then said, in a whisper, to Caroline, 'Don Pasquino says the Italians are not sentimental; what does he call sentiment? I can assure you that I have scarcely eaten anything for a month, owing to my love for you. What is that but sentiment?' Caroline's lip curled contemptuously.

"'My own family,' whined the Count, 'have feared for my life. Oh, Signora, if you knew what love was! Signora, I loved

you from the first moment I saw you. Oh, tell me that you love me! Keep me not in suspense! Give me life or death at once.'

"'You wish, then, for an answer immediately, and from me?' said Caroline, looking up with a glance of unmistakeable meaning.

"'Sì, sì!' he exclaimed, 'tell me that you love me—that you will marry me!'

"'No,' said Caroline, 'I do *not* love you, and I never *will* marry you. *Ecco, Signor Conte, la sua risposta.*'

"So saying, she rose, and crossing the room, seated herself on a sofa near the fire. But the persevering Count followed her, and seated himself once more beside her. He sighed deeper than ever, and when he spoke it was in a still more whining tone, as if he were a dog that had just been whipped.

"'Signora, you have given me a mortal blow! a cruel blow!' here he thumped with his clenched fist the place where his heart ought to have been. 'Signora, tell me that I misunderstood you!'

"'No, Signor, there was no mistake.'

"'I shall speak to the Signora, your aunt, to-morrow.'

"'That is your own affair. I have given you my answer.'

"'But I have a little copy of verses, which I made on first seeing you. They might change your determination,' and he drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a piece of paper. Caroline, however, turning round rather sharply, he put them back hastily in his pocket; while she went and seated herself between Don Pasquino and the Duc d'Harcourt. Here she had at length found a safe retreat, for he dared not approach her, fearful of some more severe lashes from Don Pasquino's wit, or the Frenchman's more quiet sarcasm. After some time, the Duke discovered that it was a quarter to twelve, and took his leave. The others rose to go at the same time; but the Count contrived to linger a moment, and ask mama at what hour he could see her next day. Mama appointed one o'clock, and he went, to our great joy.

"Next day, at the appointed hour, he was ushered into the green salon, where papa and mama received him. He was accompanied by his man of business, to state his affairs. I do not know all that took place; but papa politely, but very decidedly, refused him, and expressed some surprise at seeing him there after Caroline's refusal of the night before. He declared that he did not consider anything she had said amounted to a refusal; though how she could have spoken more plainly I do not know. Papa then glanced at the Count's position and Caroline's. The man of business said that it was a most foolishly-romantic affair on the part of the Count, and added, that, had he known the extent of Caroline's dower, he should strongly have advised him against proposing. The poor Count was broken-hearted, and took his leave. We were to start the next morning for a tour to Frascati, Valmontone, Palestrina, and Tivoli.

"'He will follow you, Caroline, as sure as possible,' said Marforio del Tevere, mali-

ciously, just before stepping into the carriage.

"'Oh, no!' she replied, laughing; and we drove off.

"For an hour we travelled in peace. But at the end of that time, we heard the clatter of horse's hoofs behind us: and in an instant, Count Castagna was at our side. His horse was covered with foam, from the rate at which he had been riding. He explained that he had gone to Palazzo Sermoneta to inquire at what hour we should start, and had been told there that we had already departed. He had immediately mounted his horse, and set off to overtake us. And now he rode beside the carriage. Papa drove our English horses, and mama was on the box beside him; and, without in the least minding my presence, the Count began to urge Caroline to revoke her decree.

"'Perhaps,' he said, 'the refusal did not come from you. Oh, say that you did not join in the refusal of your relations!'

"'You forget,' said Caroline, 'that I had

already told you precisely the same thing myself.'

"'Signora, it is because you think that I seek your fortune. Once,' he said, pointing to the wide campagna around, 'once a great portion of this belonged to my family. I would that it were mine now, that I might offer it to you. You would accept me if I were rich.'

"'No, never,' said Caroline.

"'Then you mean to say that I am totally *antipatico* to you. But, even if so, you ought to marry me from pity, Signora, if not from love.'

"'But you forget,' replied Caroline, who began to treat the whole matter as a jest; 'you forget that, if I accepted you, you would cease to be an object of pity.'

"He again asked Caroline whether she did not remember him in the street, and told her that the neck-cloth he then wore, was the one he had purchased on that occasion.

"I have already said that Caroline's knowledge of Italian was but slight; and, as the

carriage wheels made a rattling noise on the pavement, the Count made her repeat every word two or three times before he could hear her; and this, too, at the top of her voice.

"'Then you will hate me,' said he.

"'Oh no!' she replied, laughing, 'spero che saremmo sempre amici. I hope we shall always be friends.'

"'I beg your pardon,' said Castagna, who was obliged to keep his hand on the side of the carriage, and lean over: 'I beg your pardon, but I did not hear that.'

"She repeated it louder; but still he could not hear. A third time she began 'Spero—'

"'Ah! spero—' repeated the Count.

"'Che—' said she.

"'Che—' echoed Castagna.

"'Saremmo—' said Caroline.

"'Ah! spero che saremmo—'

"'Sempre—'

"'Ah sì! *sempre!*—always—for ever—' he repeated with a sigh.

"'Amici,' concluded Caroline.

"'Ah! adesso sì!' cried the Count: 'spero che saremmo sempre amici! I hope we shall always be friends. Ah! what a cold expression! But I shall never forget you! I will never marry any one else!'

"'Oh yes,' said Caroline, laughing, 'you will marry, and I have no doubt you will be happy.'

"'Signora, no! I can never find any one to equal you. Last year, my father wished me to marry a rich and beautiful young lady, but I would not. Before I saw you at all, I was told that you were the most cruel of your sex; but when I saw your belli occhi, I was sure it was untrue. And now,' he exclaimed, 'I find you even more cruel than they represented you. You have made me miserable for life!'

"Here Caroline represented that an attachment so quickly formed could not last for life.

"'Mine would!' exclaimed the Count; 'if you would like me, I would be as the lowest of your slaves. I would be your valet!'

"'I wonder how you would look in livery!' thought I, for whose amusement the courtship seemed to be carried on.

"'You should be as a princess,' said Castagna; 'your own fortune should belong to you alone; should be all extra-dotale, and you should share mine besides.'

"'This conversation,' interposed Caroline, 'must be equally painful to us both, and it is utterly useless. Pray let the matter rest.'

"But the Conte *would* not. 'It is not for your fortune,' he said, 'do not think that it is for your fortune. No!' said he, raising his eyes solemnly to heaven, 'I swear before God, and I call upon the Blessed Virgin and all the saints and angels to hear me swear, that I love you for yourself alone, without any interested motives; and that if you would marry me, I would renounce all claim to your fortune.'

"I cannot tell you the shock it gave both Caroline and me to hear him swear this so solemnly. In such strains, the Count continued to talk till we reached Valmontone,

twenty-four miles from Rome, where we lunched, and papa could not, in common courtesy, avoid asking the poor man to lunch with us. All the time of luncheon, he would not sit down, but stood near the table: he told papa he preferred standing after so long a ride; and he assured Caroline, at every mouthful he took, that he had not eaten so much for a month. His sighs were most piteous.

"'See if I do not love you!' said he: 'a man does not ride this distance for every lady; twenty-four miles out and twenty-four miles back again to Rome! Neither I nor any of the Pope's guard would do as much for his Holiness.'

"At Valmontone, the Count was obliged to leave us, and ride back to Rome that night, as he was to be on duty next morning. Before he went, he implored Caroline to give him something as a souvenir of her. This she refused to do. He then tried to cut off the string of her ugly, for a souvenir. But she rescued it from him.

"'A pretty thing, indeed,' as she after-

wards said to me, 'if he had taken the string of my ugly! He would have shewn it all over Rome as a gage d'amour he had received from Miss Agelthorpe.'

"'I am sure,' my dear Carry, 'I said laughing, 'Don Pasquino and Marforio would contradict such an assertion.'

"Count Castagna parted from us with heavy sighs, after privately inquiring from papa whether there was no means of dispossessing Caroline of her fortune, in order that she might marry him. He squeezed her hand at parting, and wished her years of happiness.

"Dear Miss Webb, you will not now accuse me of want of confidence, and of keeping from you an *affaire de cœur*."

END OF VOL. I.

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BOUND BY